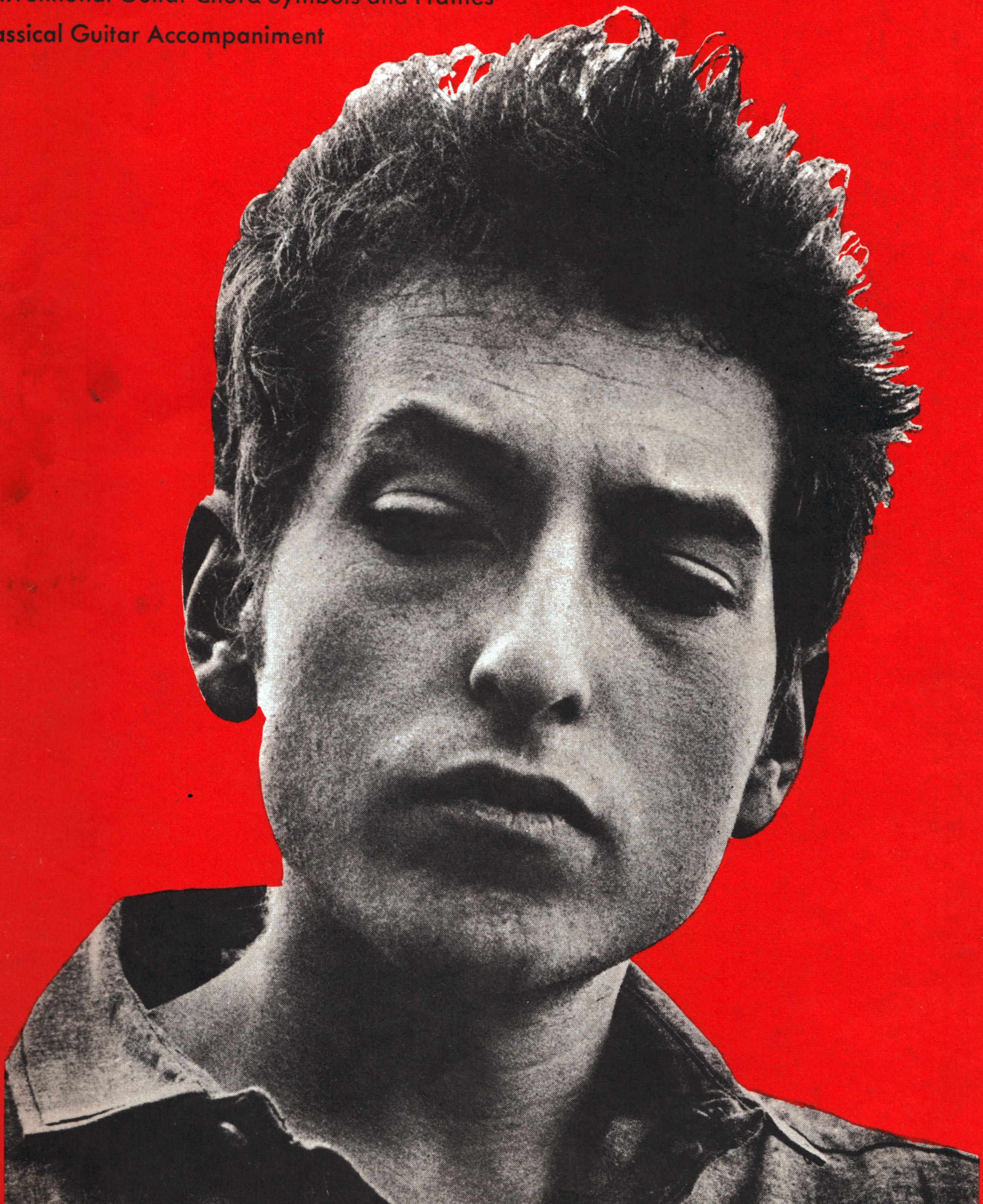
BOB DYLAN

The Times They Are A Changin

- Vocal Solo
- Vocal Trio
- Conventional Guitar Chord Symbols and Frames
- Classical Guitar Accompaniment

WORDS AND MUSIC



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PREFACE

This folio was prepared to furnish an appropriate accompaniment to the songs of Bob Dylan. As music of this type is almost invariably recorded and played with a guitar accompaniment, this folio provides a guitar background for the songs in the following ways:

> The top line in each system affords material for one guitar using symbols and frames and a solo voice with lyrics.
>
> The top and bottom lines supply material for two guitars, one using chords and symbols and the other for playing the classical guitar style, plus the solo voice with lyrics.
>
> The use of all three lines provides material for three voices in unison or in harmony plus accompaniment, by either one or two guitars, (one using the symbols, the other playing the third line).

The following special features will aid the performer in using the third line:

Number in circle (i.e. ③) = String

Number followed by fr. = Fret

Barre means to lay a finger over two or more strings.

Jerry Sears

Jerry Sears

BOB DYLAN

The Times They Are A Changin

ARRANGED BY JERRY SEARS

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75p

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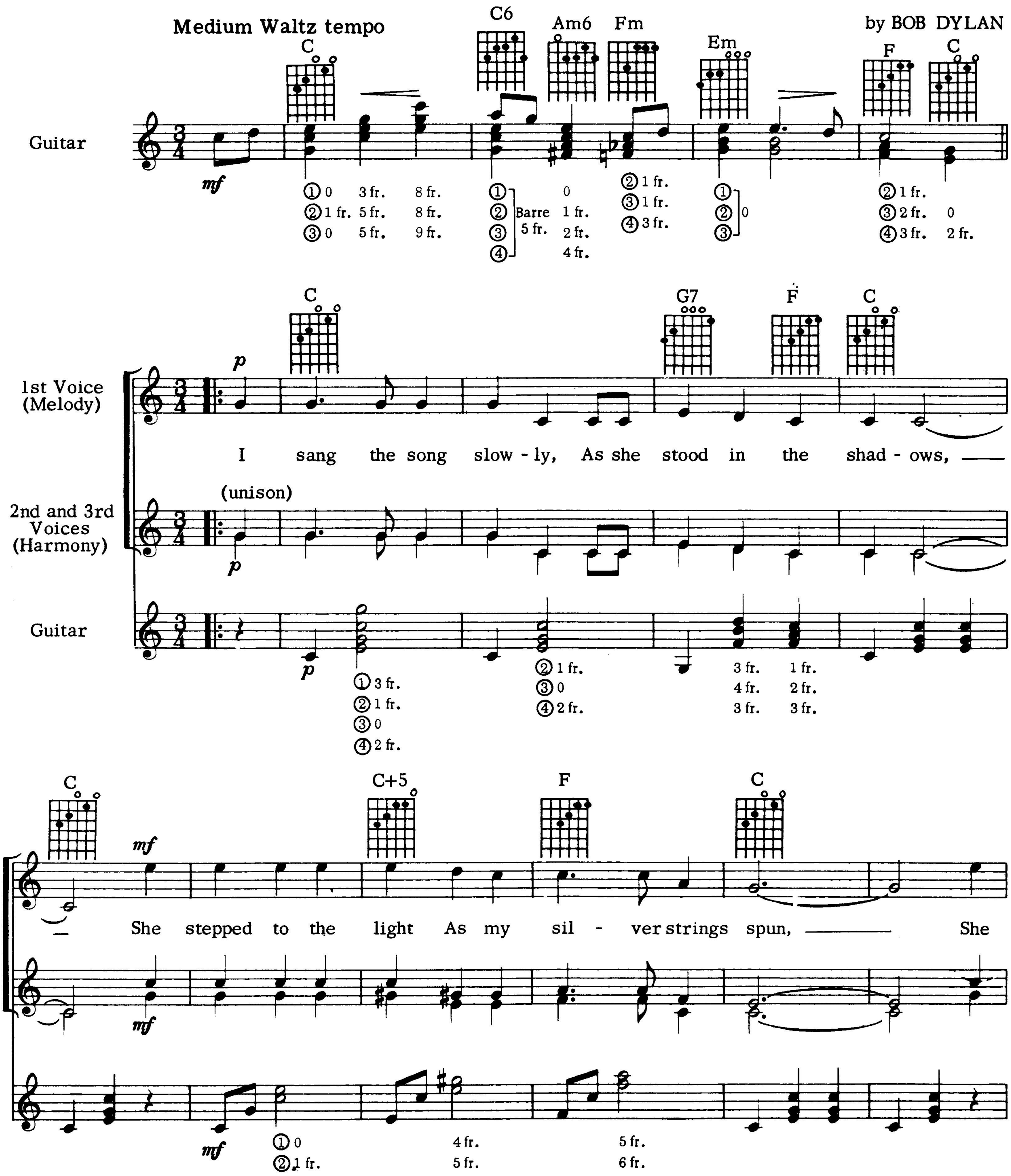
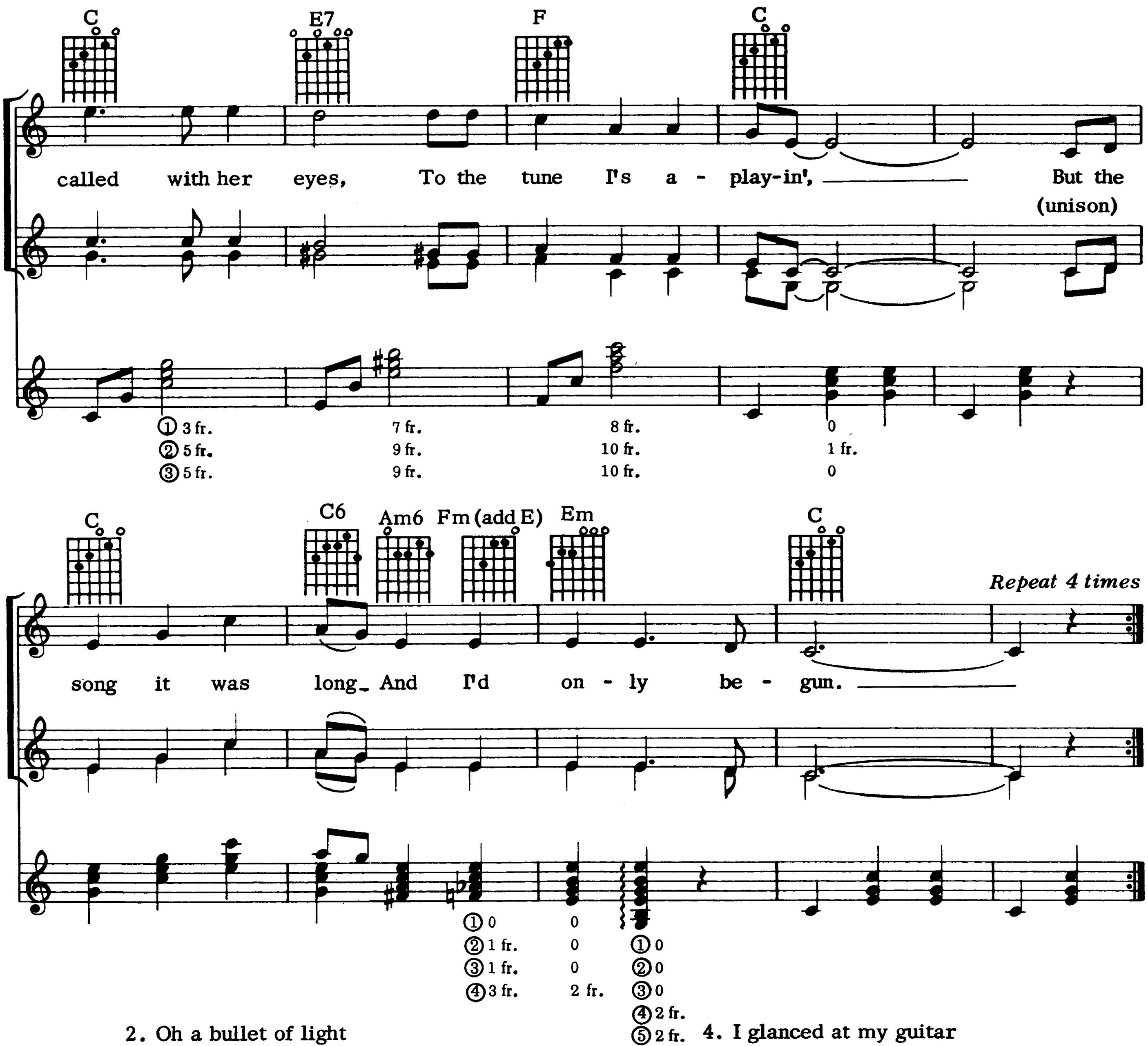
ETERNAL CIRCLE

by BOB DYLAN


Medium Waltz tempo
Guitar
mf
C
C6
Am6
Fm
Em
F
C
1st Voice (Melody)
2nd and 3rd Voices (Harmony)
(unison)
p
G7
I sang the song slow - ly, As she stood in the shad - ows,
She stepped to the light As my sil - ver strings spun, She
C+5
Barre 5 fr.


C
E7
F
C
called with her eyes, To the tune I's a - play-in', But the
(unison)
①3 fr.
②5 fr.
③5 fr.
7 fr.
9 fr.
9 fr.
8 fr.
10 fr.
10 fr.
0
1 fr.
0
C
C6
Am6
Fm(add E)
Em
C
Repeat 4 times
song it was long And I'd on - ly be - gun.
①0
②1 fr.
③1 fr.
④3 fr.
0
0
0
2 fr.
①0
②0
③0
④2 fr.
⑤2 fr.
⑥3 fr.

2. Oh a bullet of light
Her face was reflectin',
The fast fading words
That rolled from my tongue.

With a long distance look
Her eyes was on fire,
But the song it was long
And there was more to be sung.

3. My eyes danced a circle
Across her clear out line,
With her head tilted sideways
She called me again.

As the tune drifted out
She breathed hard to the echo,
But the song it was long
And it was far to the end.

4. I glanced at my guitar
And played it pretendin'
That of all the eyes out there
I could see none.

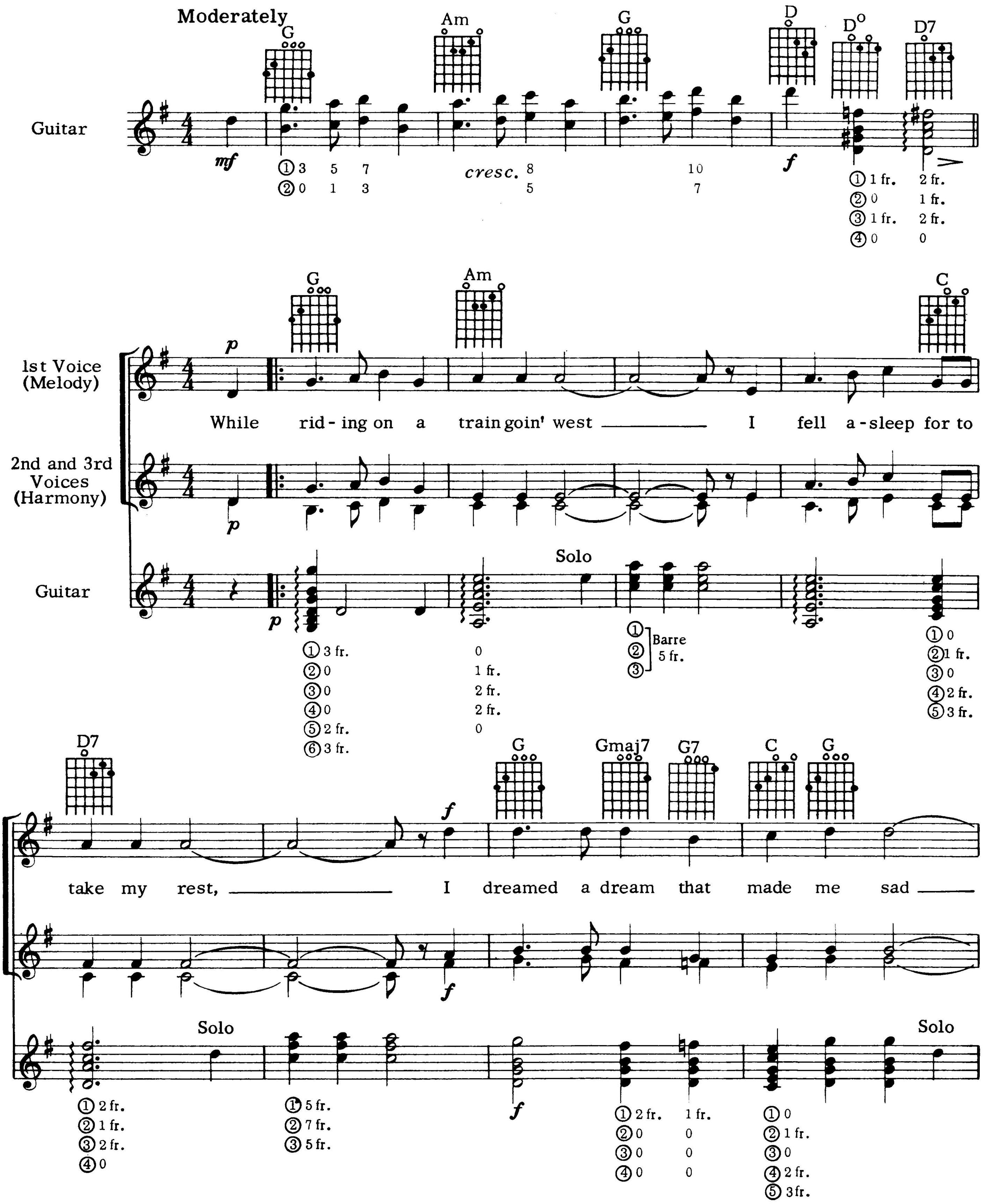
As the thoughts pounded hard
Like the pierce of an arrow,
But the song it was long
And it had to get done.

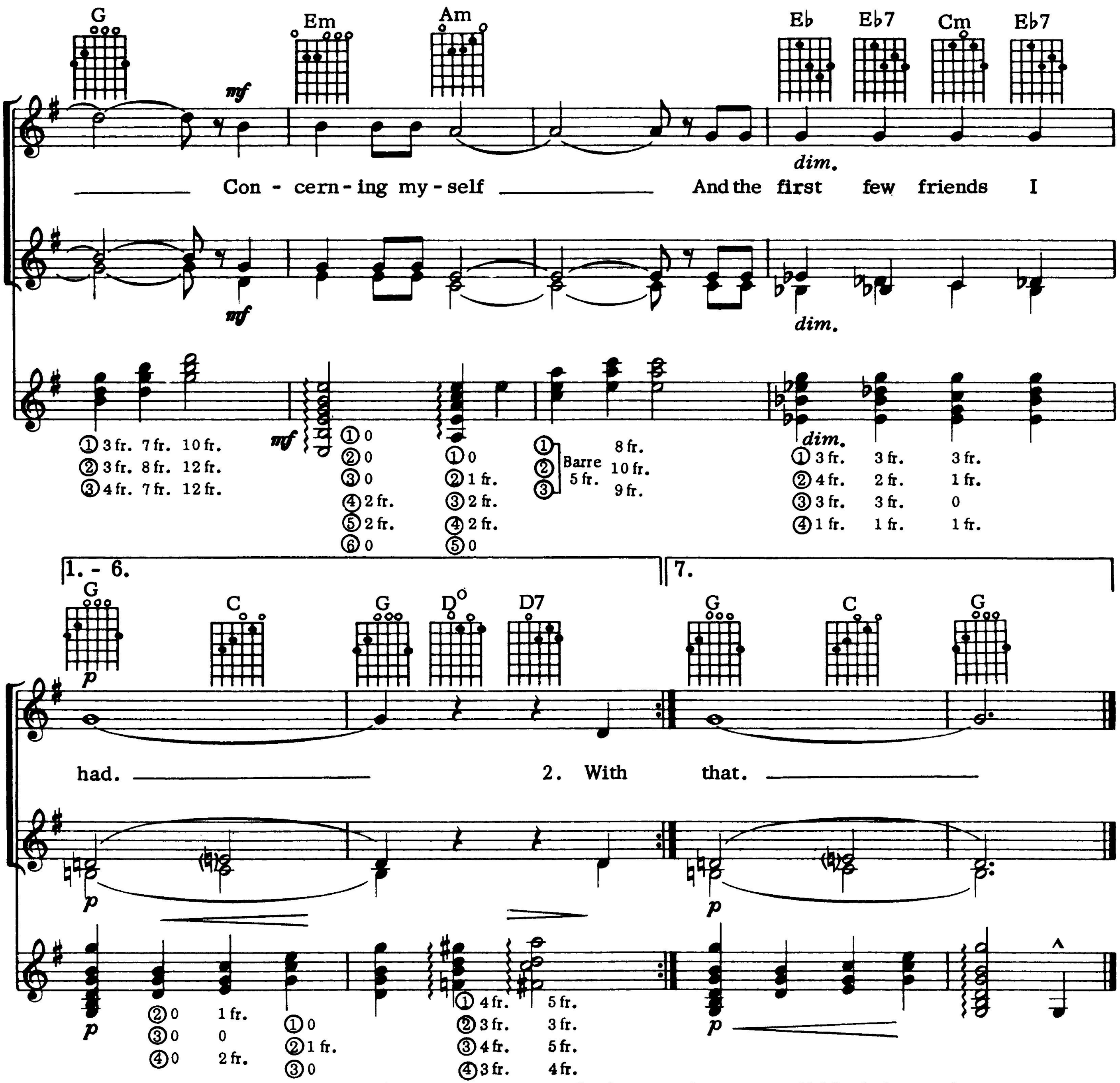
5. As the tune finally folded
I laid down the guitar,
Then looked for the girl
Who'd stayed for so long.

But her shadow was missin'
For all of my searchin',
So I picked up my guitar
And began the next song.

BOB DYLAN'S DREAM

by BOB DYLAN


Moderately
Guitar
G
Am
G
D
D°
D7
mf
cresc.
f
①3 5 7 8 10
②0 1 3 5 7
①1 fr. 2 fr.
②0 1 fr.
③1 fr. 2 fr.
④0 0
1st Voice (Melody)
2nd and 3rd Voices (Harmony)
Guitar
p
G
Am
C
While rid - ing on a train goin' west I fell a - sleep for to
Solo
①②③ Barre 5 fr.
①3 fr. ②0 ③0 ④0 ⑤2 fr. ⑥3 fr.
0 1 fr. 2 fr. 2 fr. 0
①0 ②1 fr. ③0 ④2 fr. ⑤3 fr.
D7
G
Gmaj7
G7
C
G
take my rest, I dreamed a dream that made me sad
f
Solo
①2 fr. ②1 fr. ③2 fr. ④0
①5 fr. ②7 fr. ③5 fr.
①2 fr. 1 fr. ②0 0 ③0 0 ④0 0
①0 ②1 fr. ③0 ④2 fr. ⑤3fr.


G
Em
Am
Eb
Eb7
Cm
Eb7
mf
Con - cern - ing my - self And the first few friends I
dim.
①3 fr. 7 fr. 10 fr.
②3 fr. 8 fr. 12 fr.
③4 fr. 7 fr. 12 fr.
①0 ②0 ③0 ④2 fr. ⑤2 fr. ⑥0
①0 ②1 fr. ③2 fr. ④2 fr. ⑤0
①②③ Barre 5 fr. 8 fr. 10 fr. 9 fr.
①3 fr. 3 fr. 3 fr.
②4 fr. 2 fr. 1 fr.
③3 fr. 3 fr. 0
④1 fr. 1 fr. 1 fr.
1. - 6.
7.
G
C
G
D°
D7
G
C
G
p
had. 2. With that.
②0 1 fr.
③0 0
④0 2 fr.
①0 ②1 fr. ③0
①4 fr. 5 fr.
②3 fr. 3 fr.
③4 fr. 5 fr.
④3 fr. 4 fr.

2. With half damp eyes I stared to the room
Where my friends and I spent many an afternoon,
Where we together weathered many a storm,
Laughin' and singin' till the early hours of
the morn.

3. By the old wooden stove where our hats was hung,
Our words were told our songs were sung;
Where we longed for nothin' and were quite satisfied
Talkin' and a-jokin' about the wicked world outside.

4. With haunted hearts through the heat and cold,
We never thought we could ever get old;
We thought we could sit forever in fun
But our chances really was a million to one.

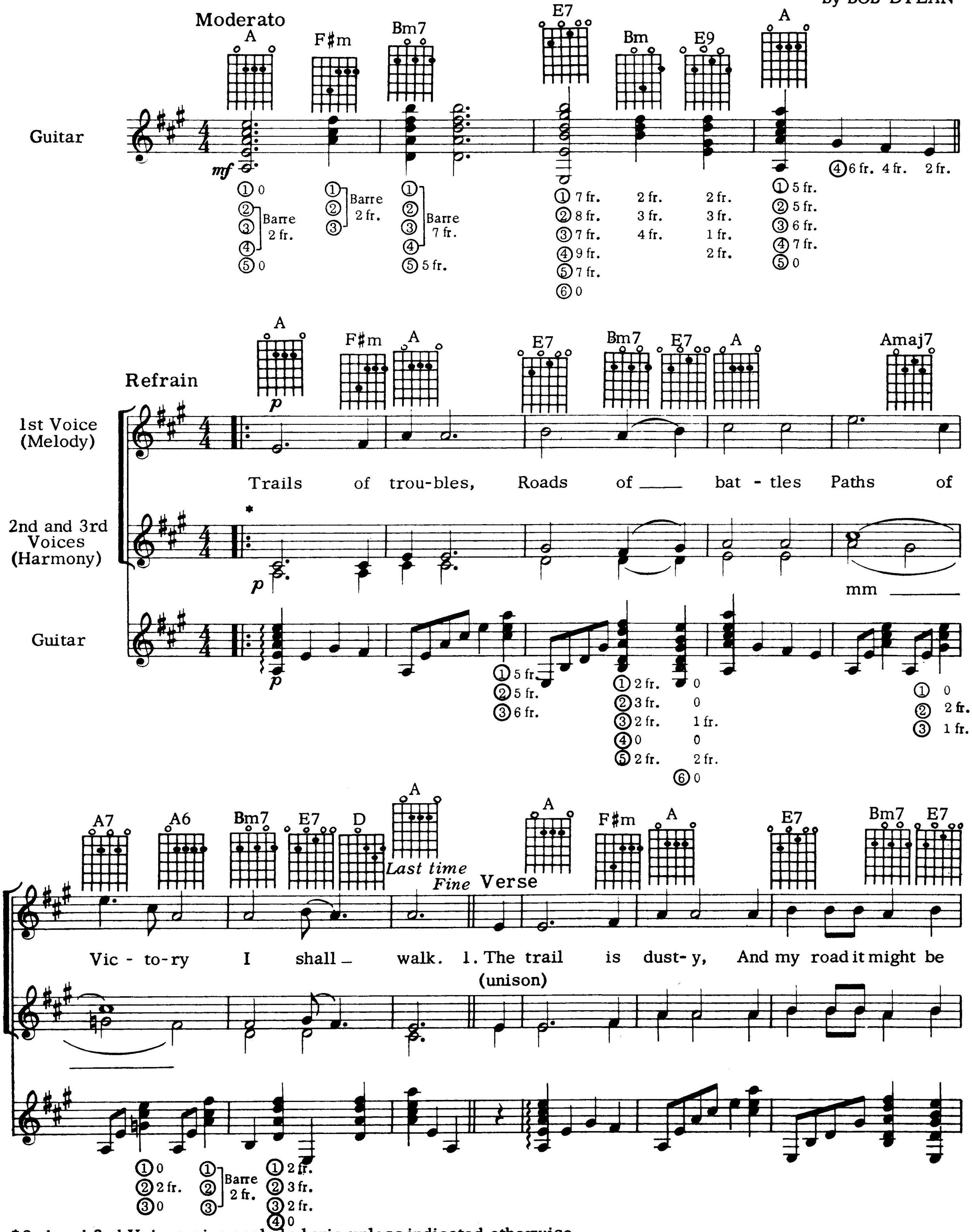
5. As easy it was to tell black from white,
It was all that easy to tell wrong from right;
And our choices were few and the thought never hit
That the one road we traveled would ever
shatter and split.

6. How many a year has passed and gone,
And many a gamble has been lost and won;
And many a road taken by many a friend,
And each one I've never seen again.

7. I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
That we could sit simply in that room again;
Ten thousand dollars at the drop of a hat,
I'd give it all gladly if our lives could be like that.

PATHS OF VICTORY

by BOB DYLAN


Moderato
A
F♯m
Bm7
E7
Bm
E9
A
Guitar
mf
① 0
② ③ ④ Barre 2 fr.
⑤ 0
① ② ③ Barre 2 fr.
① ② ③ ④ Barre 7 fr.
⑤ 5 fr.
① 7 fr. ② 8 fr. ③ 7 fr. ④ 9 fr. ⑤ 7 fr. ⑥ 0
2 fr. 3 fr. 4 fr.
2 fr. 3 fr. 1 fr. 2 fr.
① 5 fr. ② 5 fr. ③ 6 fr. ④ 7 fr. ⑤ 0
④ 6 fr. 4 fr. 2 fr.
Refrain
1st Voice (Melody)
2nd and 3rd Voices (Harmony)
Guitar
A
F♯m
A
E7
Bm7
E7
A
Amaj7
p
Trails of trou-bles, Roads of ___ bat - tles Paths of
*
mm ___
① 5 fr. ② 5 fr. ③ 6 fr.
① 2 fr. ② 3 fr. ③ 2 fr. ④ 0 ⑤ 2 fr.
0 0 1 fr. 0 2 fr. ⑥ 0
① 0 ② 2 fr. ③ 1 fr.
A7
A6
Bm7
E7
D
A
Last time Fine
Verse
A
F♯m
A
E7
Bm7
E7
Vic - to-ry I shall ___ walk. 1. The trail is dust- y, And my road it might be
(unison)
① 0 ② 2 fr. ③ 0
① ② ③ Barre 2 fr.
① 2 fr. ② 3 fr. ③ 2 fr. ④ 0

*2nd and 3rd Voices sing melody lyric unless indicated otherwise.

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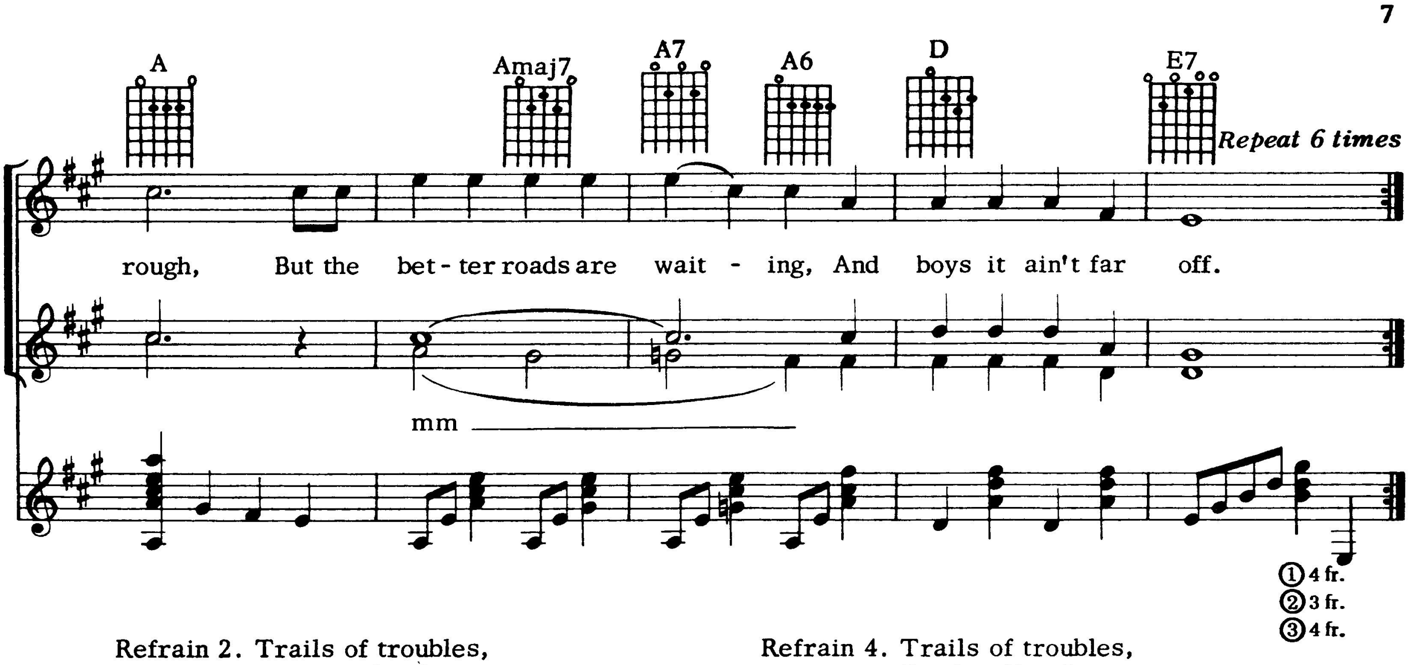

A
Amaj7
A7
A6
D
E7
Repeat 6 times
rough, But the bet-ter roads are wait - ing, And boys it ain't far off.
mm
①4 fr.
②3 fr.
③4 fr.

Refrain 2. Trails of troubles,
Roads of battles,
Paths of victory,
We shall walk.

Verse 2. I walked down by the river,
I turned my head up high,
I saw that silver linin'
That was hangin' in the sky.

Refrain 3. Trails of troubles,
Roads of battles,
Paths of victory,
We shall walk.

Verse 3. The evenin' dusk was rollin',
I was walking down the track,
There was a one-way wind a-blowin'
And it was blowin' at my back.

Refrain 4. Trails of troubles,
Roads of battles,
Paths of victory,
We shall walk.

Verse 4. The gravel road is bumpy,
It's a hard road to ride,
But there's a clearer road a-waitin'
With the cinders on the side.

Refrain 5. Trails of troubles,
Roads of battles,
Paths of victory,
We shall walk.

Verse 5. That evening train was rollin',
The hummin' of its wheels,
My eyes they saw a better day
As I looked across the fields.

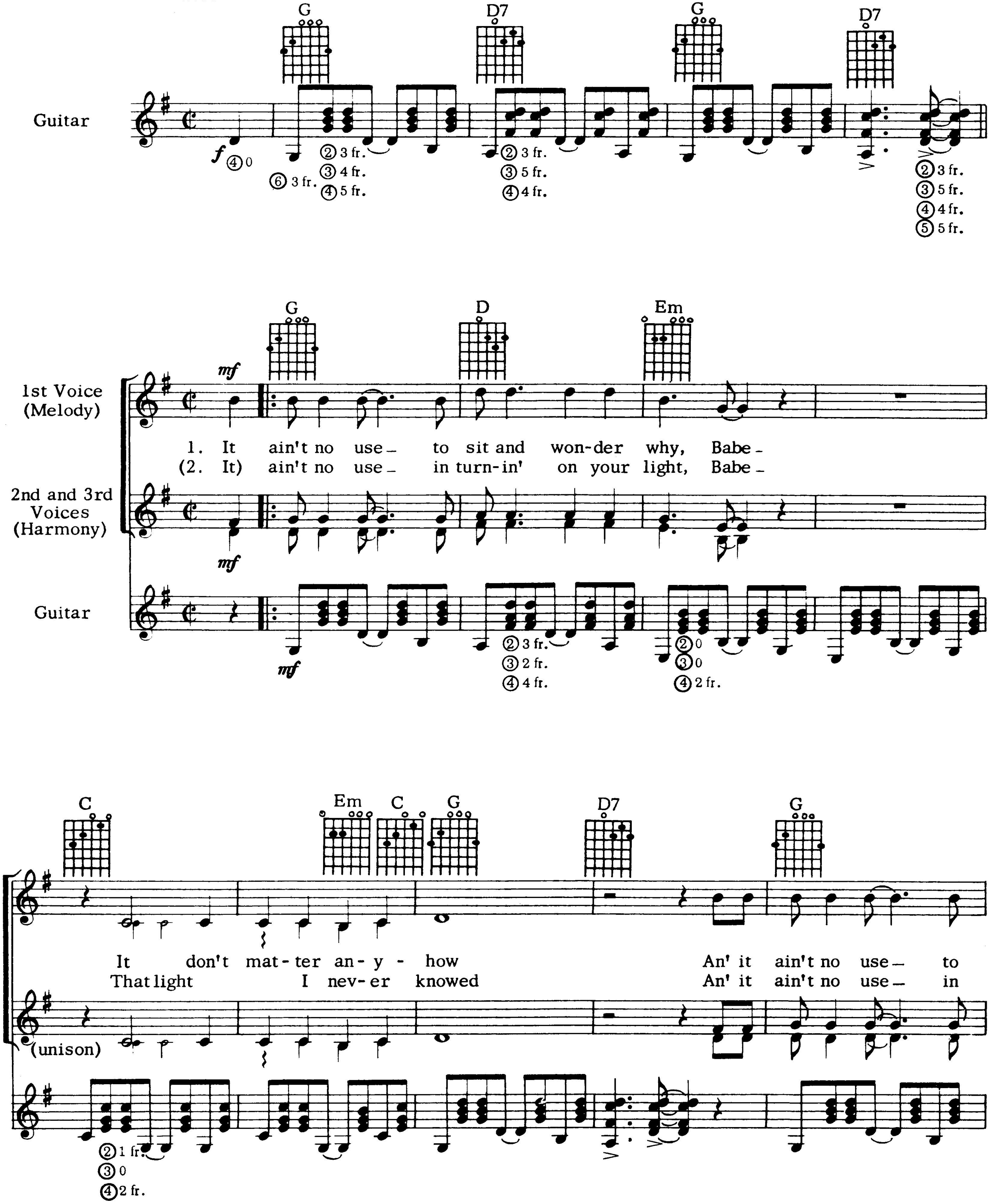
Refrain 6. Trails of troubles,
Roads of battles,
Paths of victory,
We shall walk.

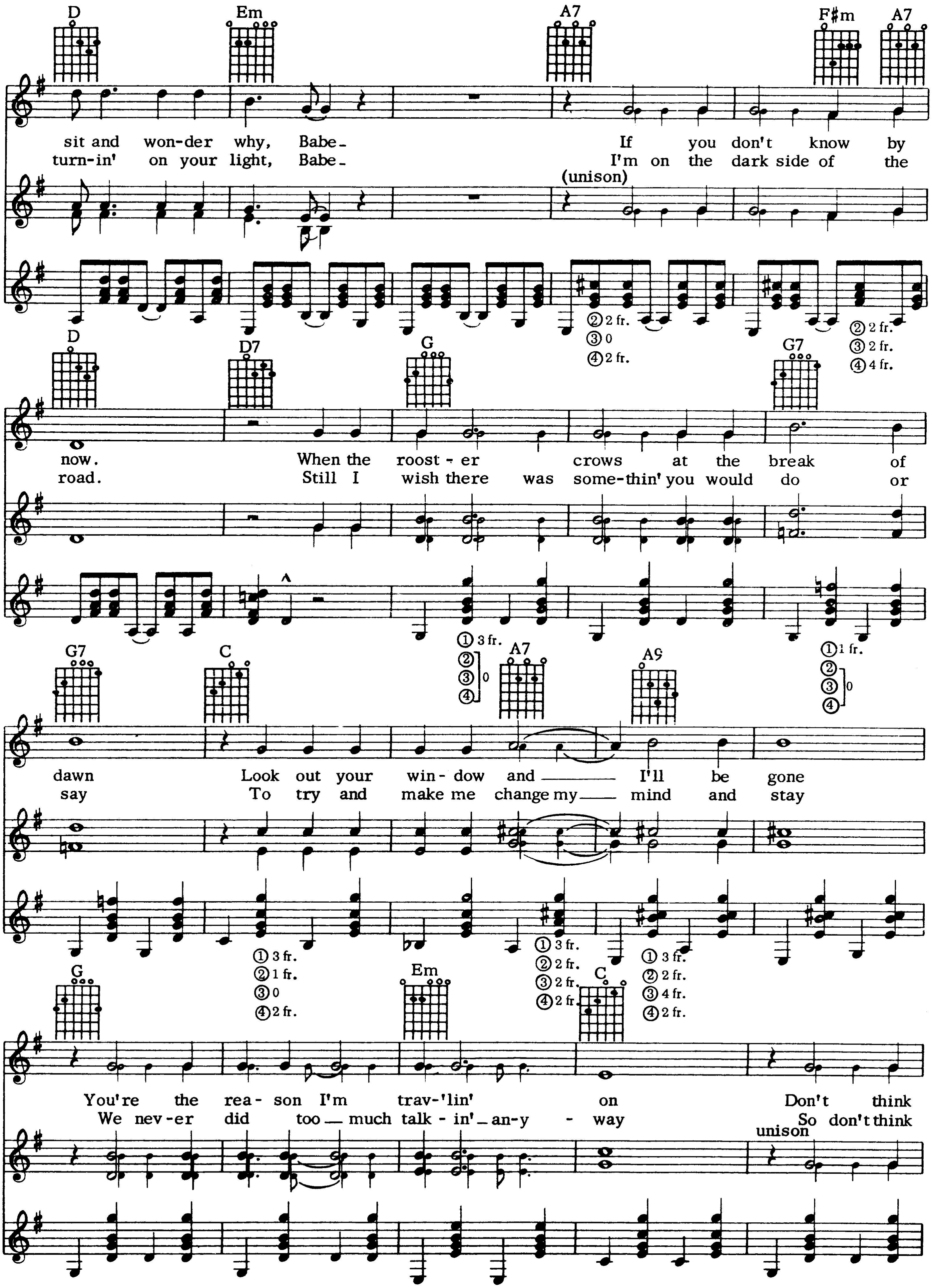
Verse 6. The trail is dusty,
The road it might be rough,
But the good road is a-waitin'
And boys it ain't far off.

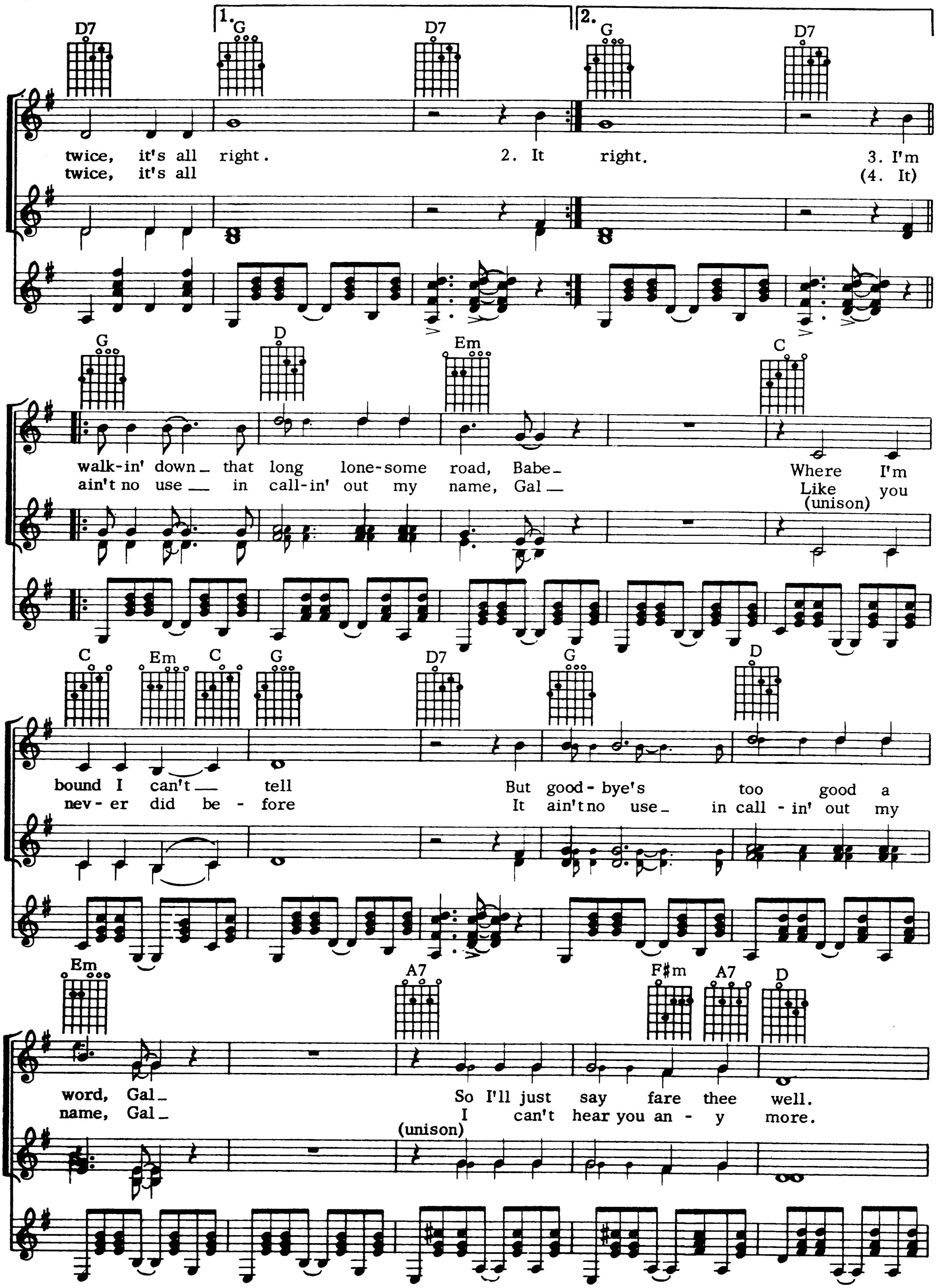
Refrain 7. Trails of troubles,
Roads of battles,
Paths of victory,
We shall walk.

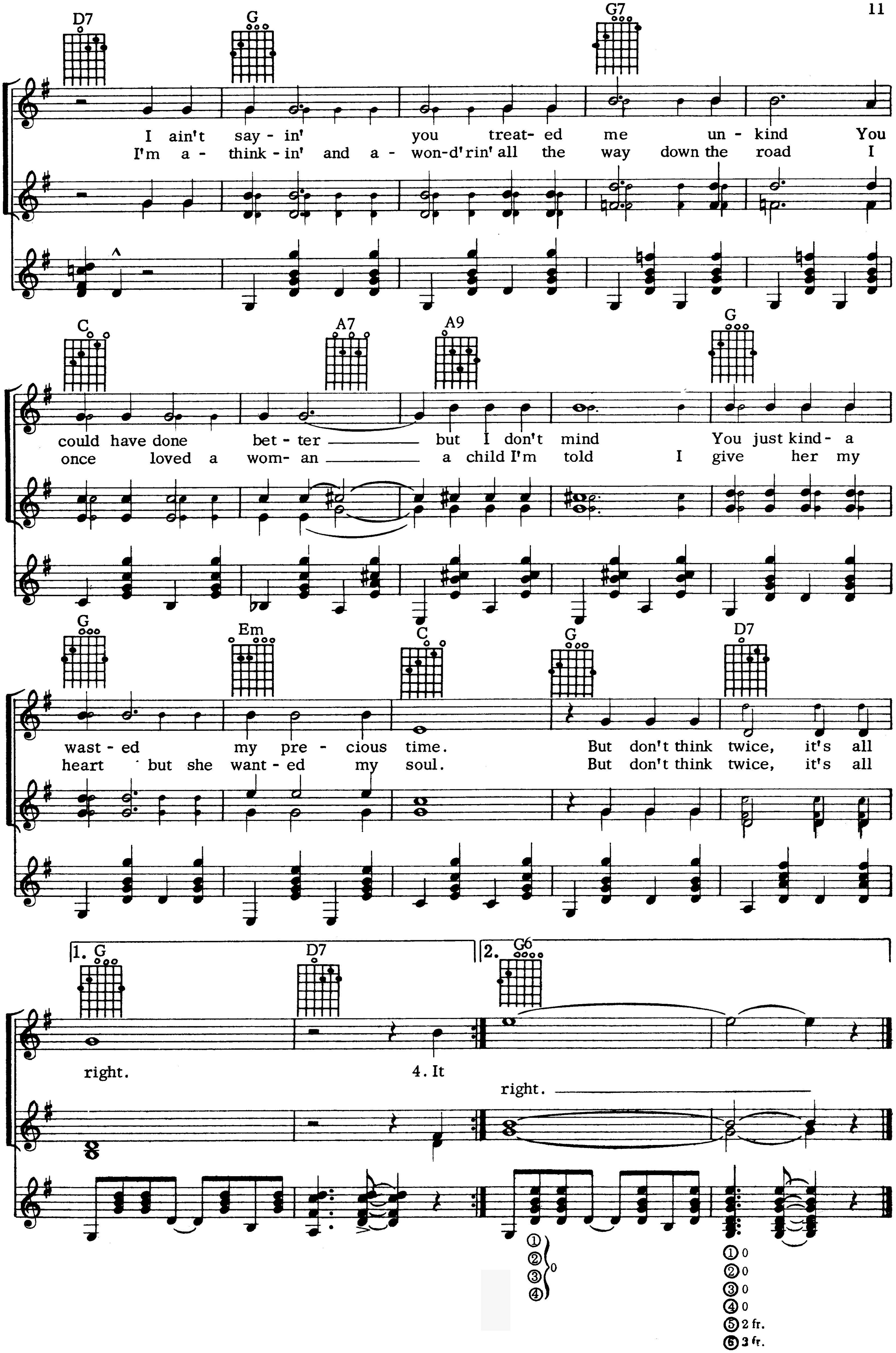
DON'T THINK TWICE, IT'S ALL RIGHT

by BOB DYLAN


Medium bounce
G
D7
G
D7
Guitar
f
④0
⑥3 fr.
②3 fr.
③4 fr.
④5 fr.
②3 fr.
③5 fr.
④4 fr.
②3 fr.
③5 fr.
④4 fr.
⑤5 fr.
G
D
Em
1st Voice (Melody)
mf
1. It ain't no use – to sit and won-der why, Babe –
(2. It) ain't no use – in turn-in' on your light, Babe –
2nd and 3rd Voices (Harmony)
mf
Guitar
mf
②3 fr.
③2 fr.
④4 fr.
②0
③0
④2 fr.
C
Em
C
G
D7
G
It don't mat-ter an-y - how
That light I nev-er knowed
An' it ain't no use – to
An' it ain't no use – in
(unison)
②1 fr.
③0
④2 fr.

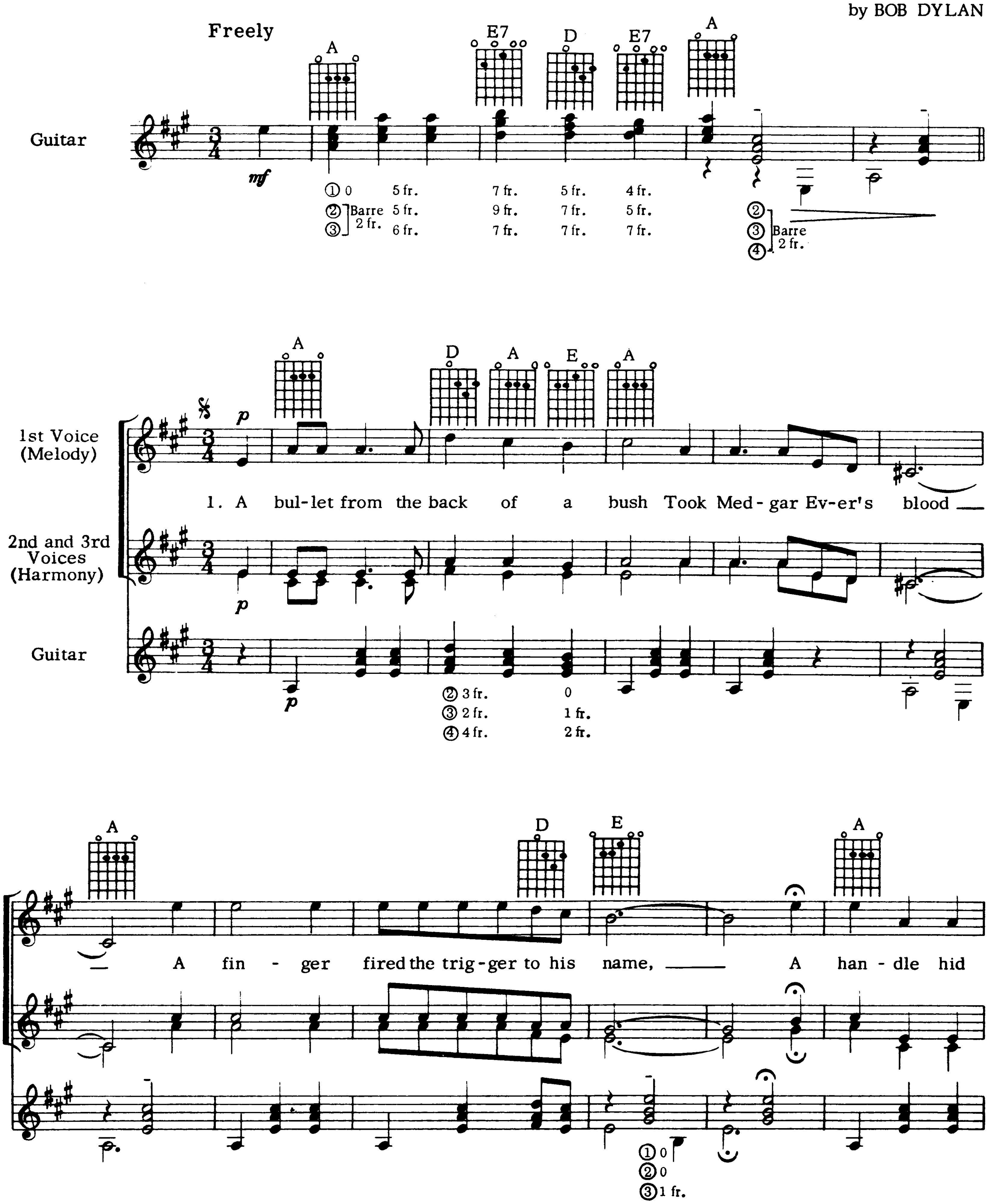

D
Em
A7
F#m
A7
sit and won-der why, Babe_ If you don't know by
turn-in' on your light, Babe_ I'm on the dark side of the
(unison)
②2 fr.
③0
④2 fr.
②2 fr.
③2 fr.
④4 fr.
D
D7
G
G7
now. When the roost - er crows at the break of
road. Still I wish there was some-thin' you would do or
①3 fr.
②
③ 0
④
①1 fr.
②
③ 0
④
G7
C
A7
A9
dawn Look out your win - dow and ___ I'll be gone
say To try and make me change my ___ mind and stay
①3 fr.
②1 fr.
③0
④2 fr.
①3 fr.
②2 fr.
③2 fr.
④2 fr.
①3 fr.
②2 fr.
③4 fr.
④2 fr.
G
Em
C
You're the rea - son I'm trav-'lin' on Don't think
We nev-er did too _ much talk - in' _ an-y - way So don't think
unison

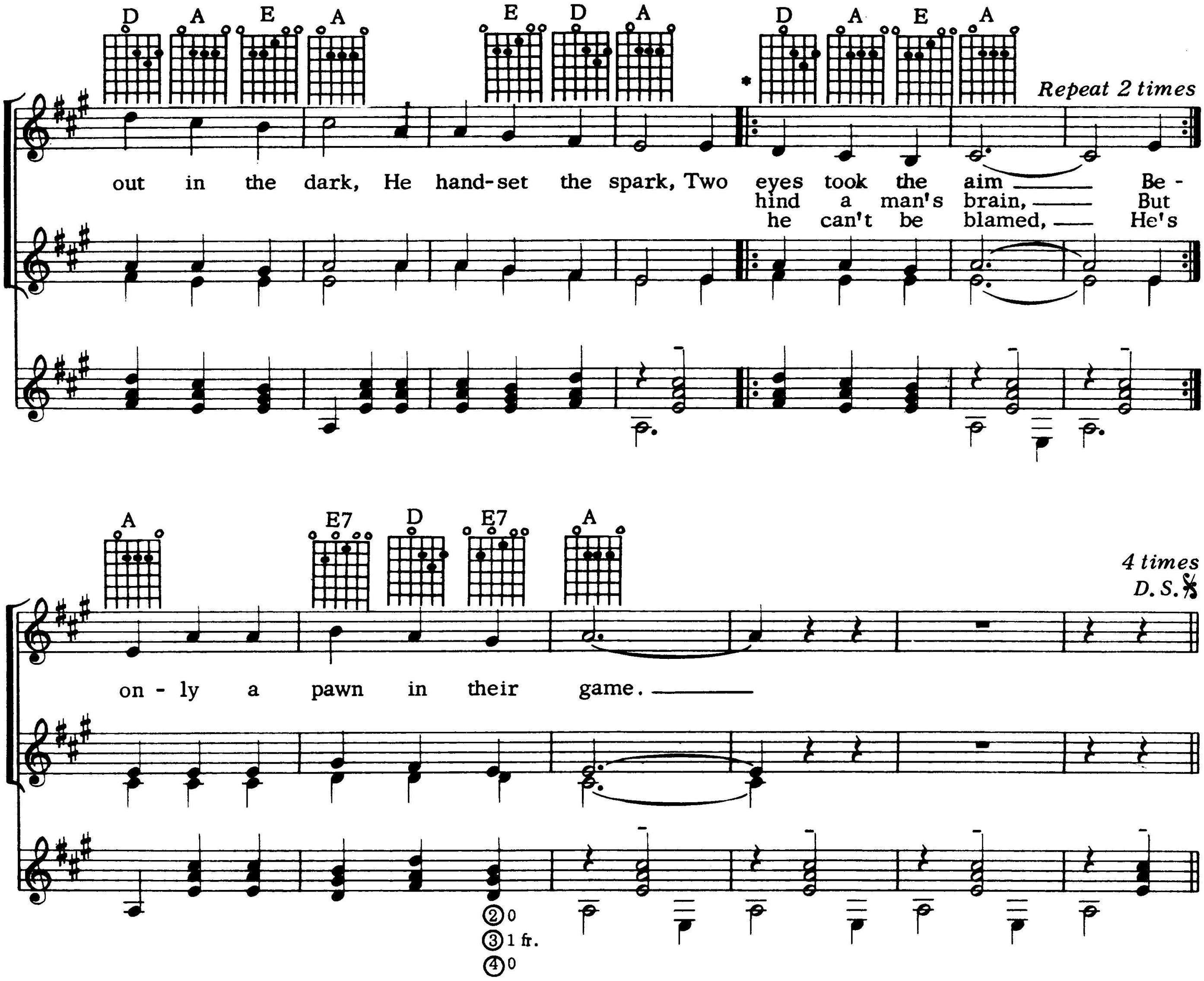

D7
1. G
D7
2. G
D7
twice, it's all right.
2. It
right.
3. I'm
twice, it's all
(4. It)
G
D
Em
C
walk-in' down that long lone-some road, Babe
Where I'm
ain't no use in call-in' out my name, Gal
Like you
(unison)
C
Em
C
G
D7
G
D
bound I can't tell
But good-bye's too good a
nev-er did be-fore
It ain't no use in call-in' out my
Em
A7
F♯m
A7
D
word, Gal
So I'll just say fare thee well.
name, Gal
I can't hear you an-y more.
(unison)


D7
G
G7
I ain't say - in' you treat - ed me un - kind You
I'm a - think - in' and a - won-d'rin' all the way down the road I
C
A7
A9
G
could have done bet - ter but I don't mind You just kind - a
once loved a wom - an a child I'm told I give her my
G
Em
C
G
D7
wast - ed my pre - cious time. But don't think twice, it's all
heart but she want - ed my soul. But don't think twice, it's all
1. G
D7
2. G6
right. 4. It
right.
①
②
③
④
0
① 0
② 0
③ 0
④ 0
⑤ 2 fr.
⑥ 3 fr.

ONLY A PAWN IN THEIR GAME

by BOB DYLAN


Freely
A
E7
D
E7
A
Guitar
mf
① 0
②Barre 2 fr.
③
5 fr.
5 fr.
6 fr.
7 fr.
9 fr.
7 fr.
5 fr.
7 fr.
7 fr.
4 fr.
5 fr.
7 fr.
②
③ Barre 2 fr.
④
A
D
A
E
A
1st Voice (Melody)
p
1. A bul-let from the back of a bush Took Med-gar Ev-er's blood
2nd and 3rd Voices (Harmony)
p
Guitar
p
② 3 fr.
③ 2 fr.
④ 4 fr.
0
1 fr.
2 fr.
A
D
E
A
A fin - ger fired the trig-ger to his name, A han - dle hid
① 0
② 0
③ 1 fr.


D A E A E D A D A E A
Repeat 2 times
out in the dark, He hand-set the spark, Two eyes took the aim Be-
hind a man's brain, But
he can't be blamed, He's
A E7 D E7 A
4 times
D.S.
on-ly a pawn in their game.
②0
③1 fr.
④0

2. A south politician preaches to the poor, white man,
You got more than the blacks, don't complain,
You're better than them, you been born with white skin, they explain,
And the negro is named,
*Is used it is plain,
For the politician's gain,
As he rises to fame,
And the poor white remains,
On the caboose of the train,
But it ain't him to blame,
He's only a pawn in their game.

3. The deputy sheriffs, the soldiers, the governors get paid,
And the marshals and cops get the same,
But the poor white man's used in the hands of them all like a tool,
He's taught in his school
*From the start by the rule
That the laws are with him
To protect his white skin,
To keep up his hate
So he never thinks straight,
'Bout the shape that he's in,
But it ain't him to blame,
He's only a pawn in their game.

*Repeat as often as necessary to accommodate additional lyrics.

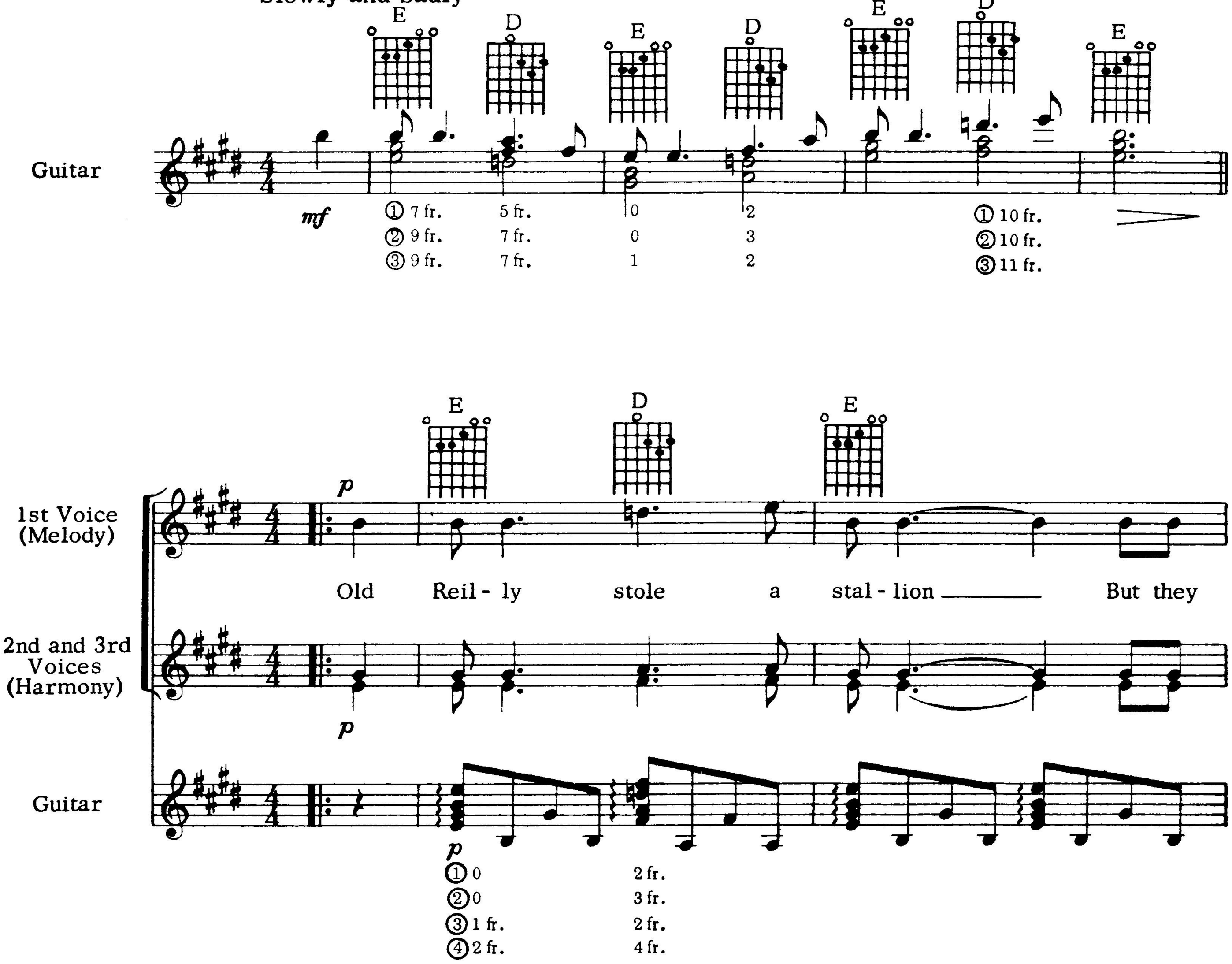
4. From the poverty shacks he looks looks from the cracks to the tracks,
And the hoof beats pound in his brain,
And he's taught how to walk in a pack,
Shoot in the back,
*With his fist in a clinch,
To hang and to lynch,
To hide neath the hood,
To kill with no pain
Like a dog on a chain,
He ain't got no name
But it ain't him to blame,
He's only a pawn in their game.

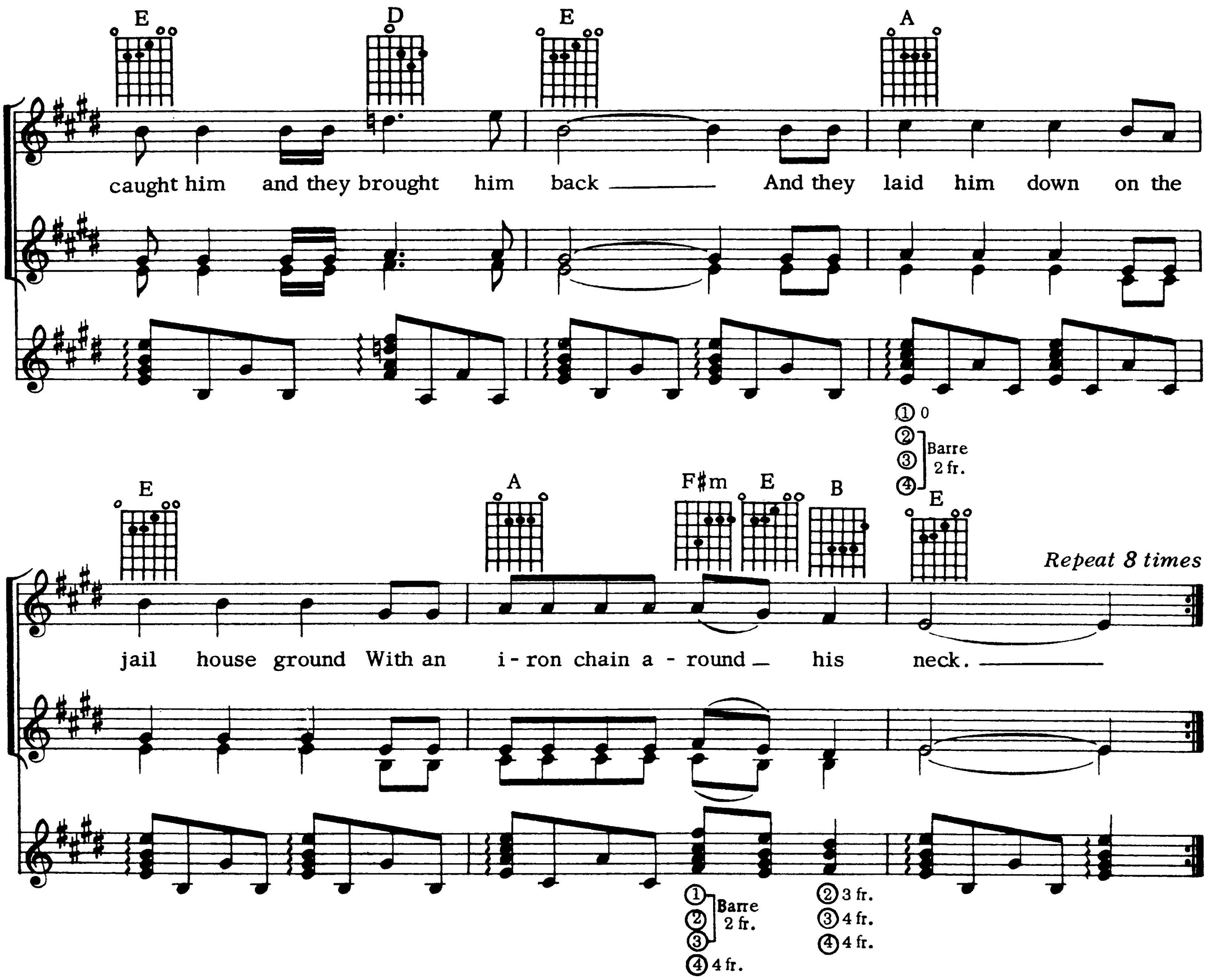
5. The day Medgar Evers was buried from the bullet he caught,
They lowered him down as a king,
But when the shadowy sun sets on the one
That fired the gun,
*He'll see by his grave
On the stone that remains,
Carved next to his name
His epitaph plain,
Only a pawn in their game.

SEVEN CURSES

by BOB DYLAN

Slowly and sadly


E
D
E
D
E
D
E
Guitar
mf
① 7 fr.
② 9 fr.
③ 9 fr.
5 fr.
7 fr.
7 fr.
0
0
1
2
3
2
① 10 fr.
② 10 fr.
③ 11 fr.
E
D
E
1st Voice (Melody)
p
Old Reil - ly stole a stal - lion But they
2nd and 3rd Voices (Harmony)
p
Guitar
p
① 0
② 0
③ 1 fr.
④ 2 fr.
2 fr.
3 fr.
2 fr.
4 fr.


E
D
E
A
caught him and they brought him back ——— And they laid him down on the
① 0
② ③ Barre 2 fr.
④
E
A
F♯m
E
B
E
Repeat 8 times
jail house ground With an i - ron chain a - round — his neck. ———
① ② ③ Barre 2 fr.
④ 4 fr.
② 3 fr.
③ 4 fr.
④ 4 fr.

2. Old Reilly's daughter got a message
That her father was goin' to hang
She rode by night and came by morning
With gold and silver in her hand.

3. When the judge he saw Reilly's daughter
His old eyes deepened in his head
Sayin' gold will never free your father
The price, my dear, is you instead.

4. Oh, I'm as good as dead cried Reilly,
It's only you that he does crave
And my skin will surely crawl if he
touches you at all,
Get on your horse and ride away.

5. Oh father you will surely die
If I don't take the chance to try
And pay the price and not take your advice
For that reason I will have to stay.

6. The gallows shadows shook the evening,
In the night a hound dog bayed,
In the night the grounds were groanin',
In the night the price was paid.

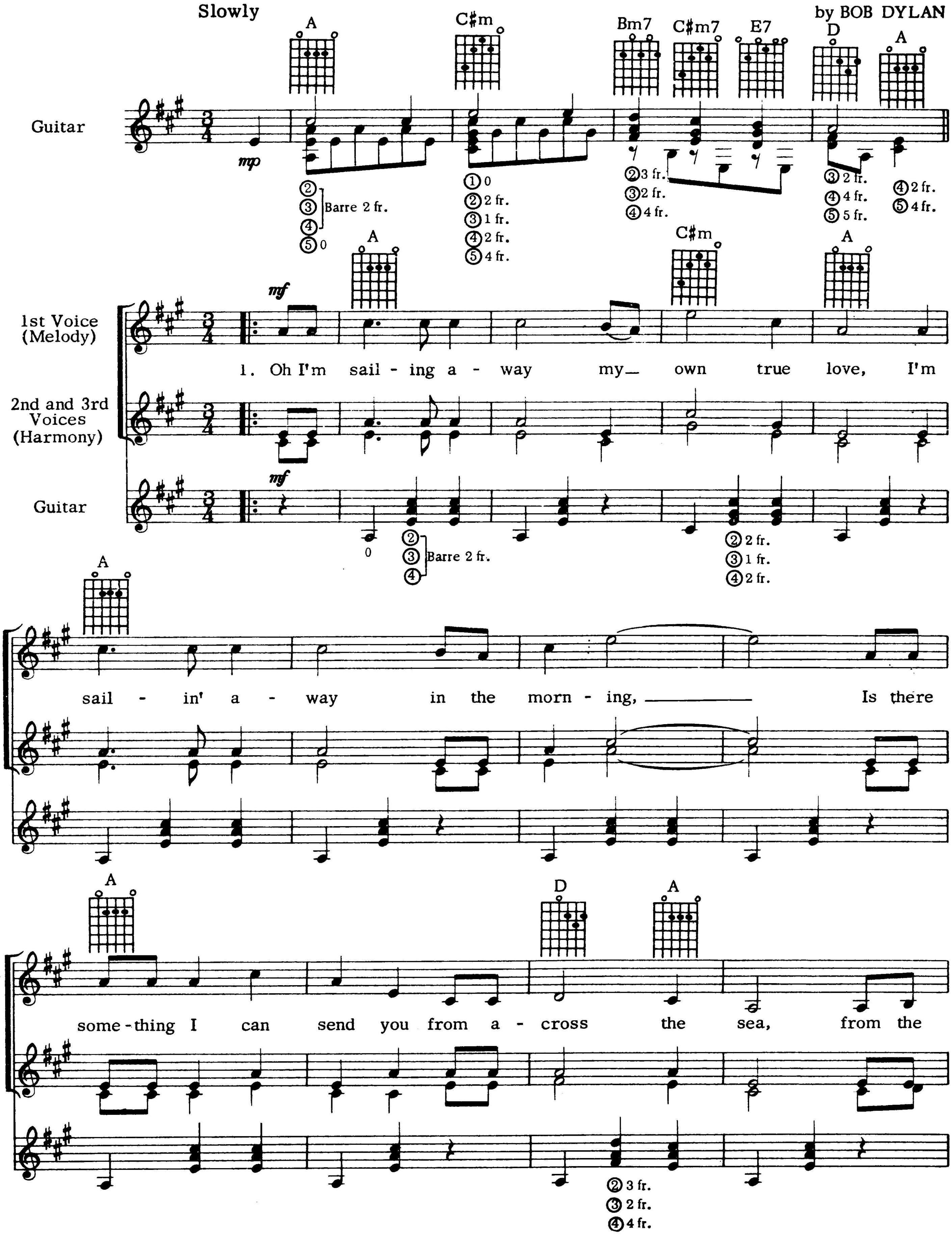
7. The next mornin' she had awoken
To know that the judge had never spoken,
She saw that hangin' branch a bendin'
She saw her father's body broken.

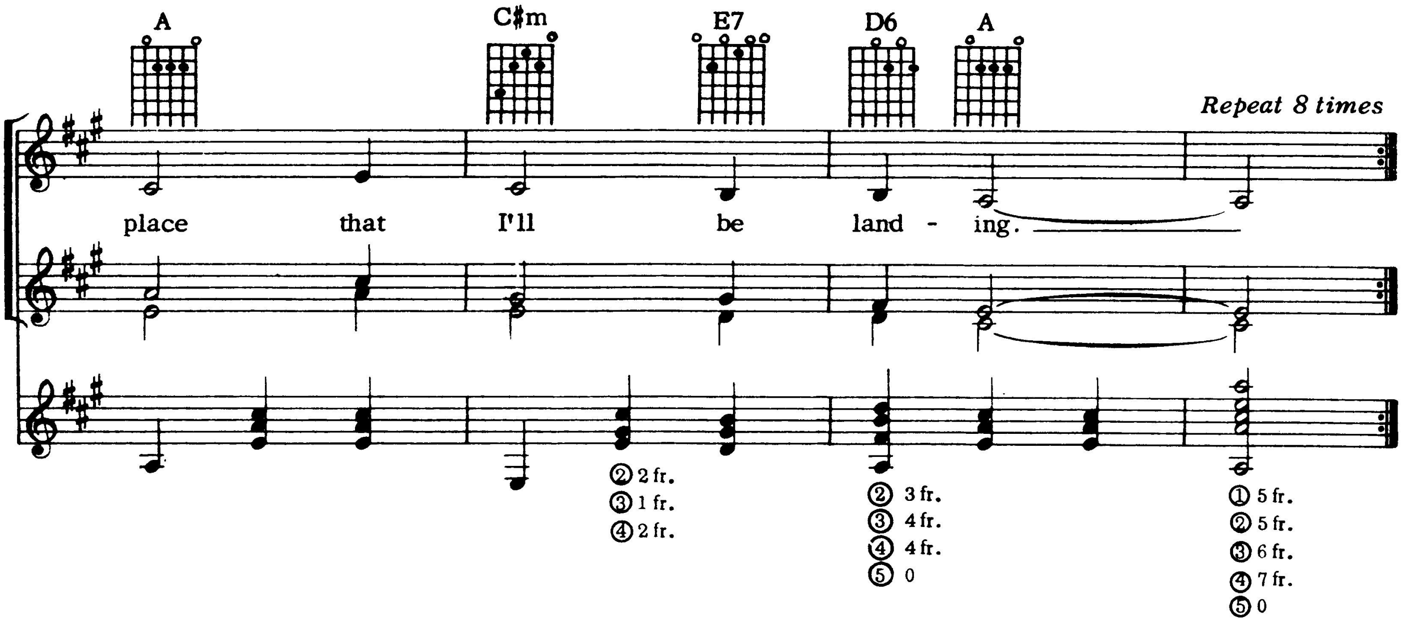
8. These be seven curses on a judge so cruel
That one doctor will not save him
That two healers will not heal him
That three eyes will not see him.

9. That four ears will not hear him
That five walls will not hide him
That six diggers will not bury him
And that seven deaths shall never kill him.

BOOTS OF SPANISH LEATHER

by BOB DYLAN


Slowly
A
C♯m
Bm7
C♯m7
E7
D
A
Guitar
mp
② ③ ④ Barre 2 fr.
⑤ 0
① 0
② 2 fr.
③ 1 fr.
④ 2 fr.
⑤ 4 fr.
② 3 fr.
③ 2 fr.
④ 4 fr.
③ 2 fr.
④ 4 fr.
⑤ 5 fr.
④ 2 fr.
⑤ 4 fr.
1st Voice (Melody)
2nd and 3rd Voices (Harmony)
mf
1. Oh I'm sail - ing a - way my— own true love, I'm
② ③ ④ Barre 2 fr.
0
② 2 fr.
③ 1 fr.
④ 2 fr.
sail - in' a - way in the morn - ing, ——— Is there
some - thing I can send you from a - cross the sea, from the
② 3 fr.
③ 2 fr.
④ 4 fr.



2. No there's nothing you can send me my own true love,
There's nothin' I wish to be ownin',
Just carry yourself back to me unspoiled,
From across that lonesome ocean.

3. Oh, but I just thought you might long want something fine
Made of silver or of golden,
Either from the mountains of Madrid
Or from the coast of Barcelona.

4. Oh but if I had the stars from the darkest night
And the diamonds from the deepest ocean,
I'd forsake them all for your sweet kiss
For that's all I'm wishin' to be ownin'.

5. That I might be gone a long ole time
And it's only that I'm askin',
Is there somethin' I can send you to remember me by
To make your time more easy passin'.

6. Oh how can, how can you ask me again,
It only brings me sorrow,
The same thing I want from you today
I would want again tomorrow.

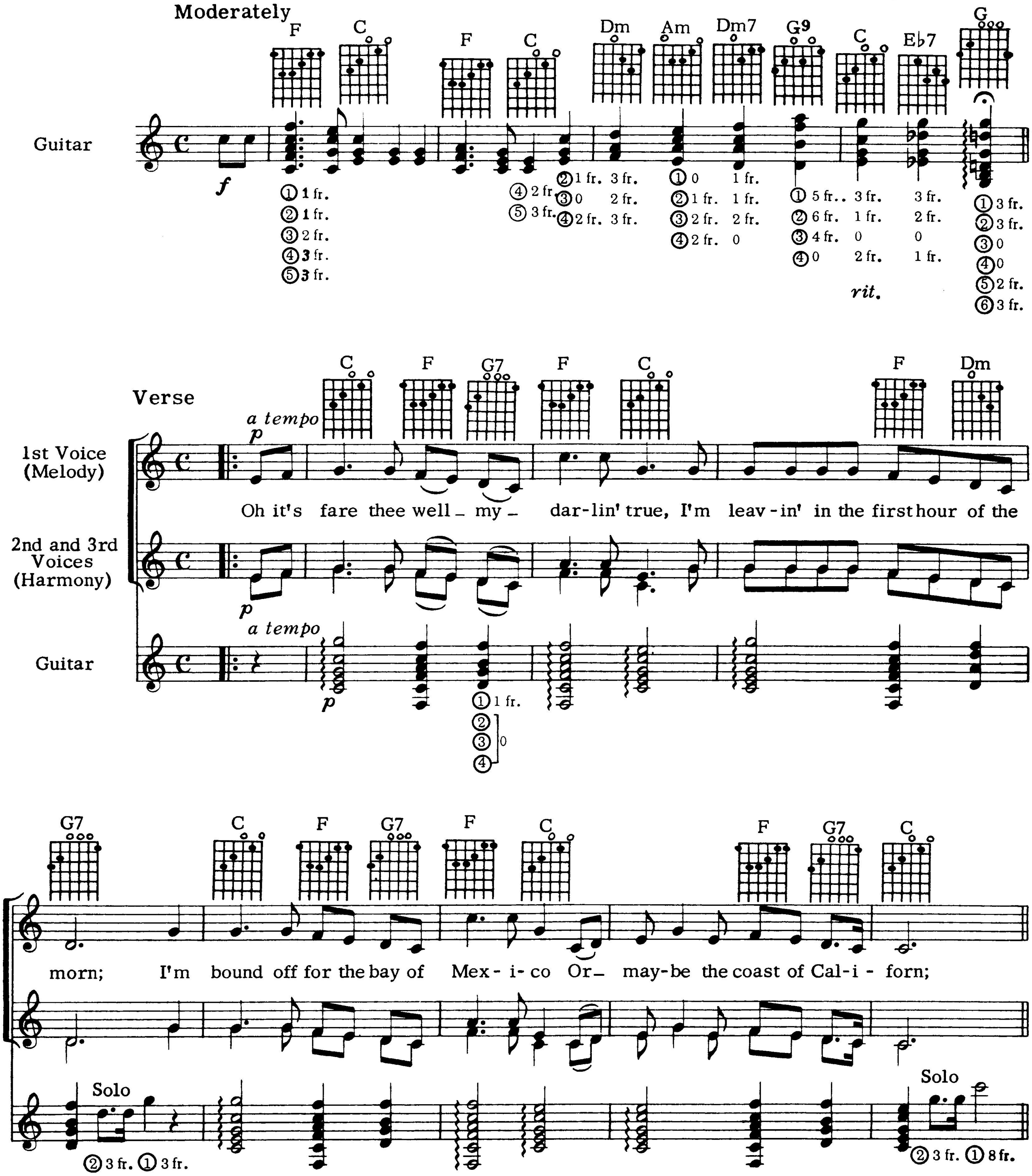
7. I got a letter on a lonesome day,
It was from her ship a-sailin'
Saying I don't know when I'll be comin' back again,
It depends on how I'm a-feelin'.

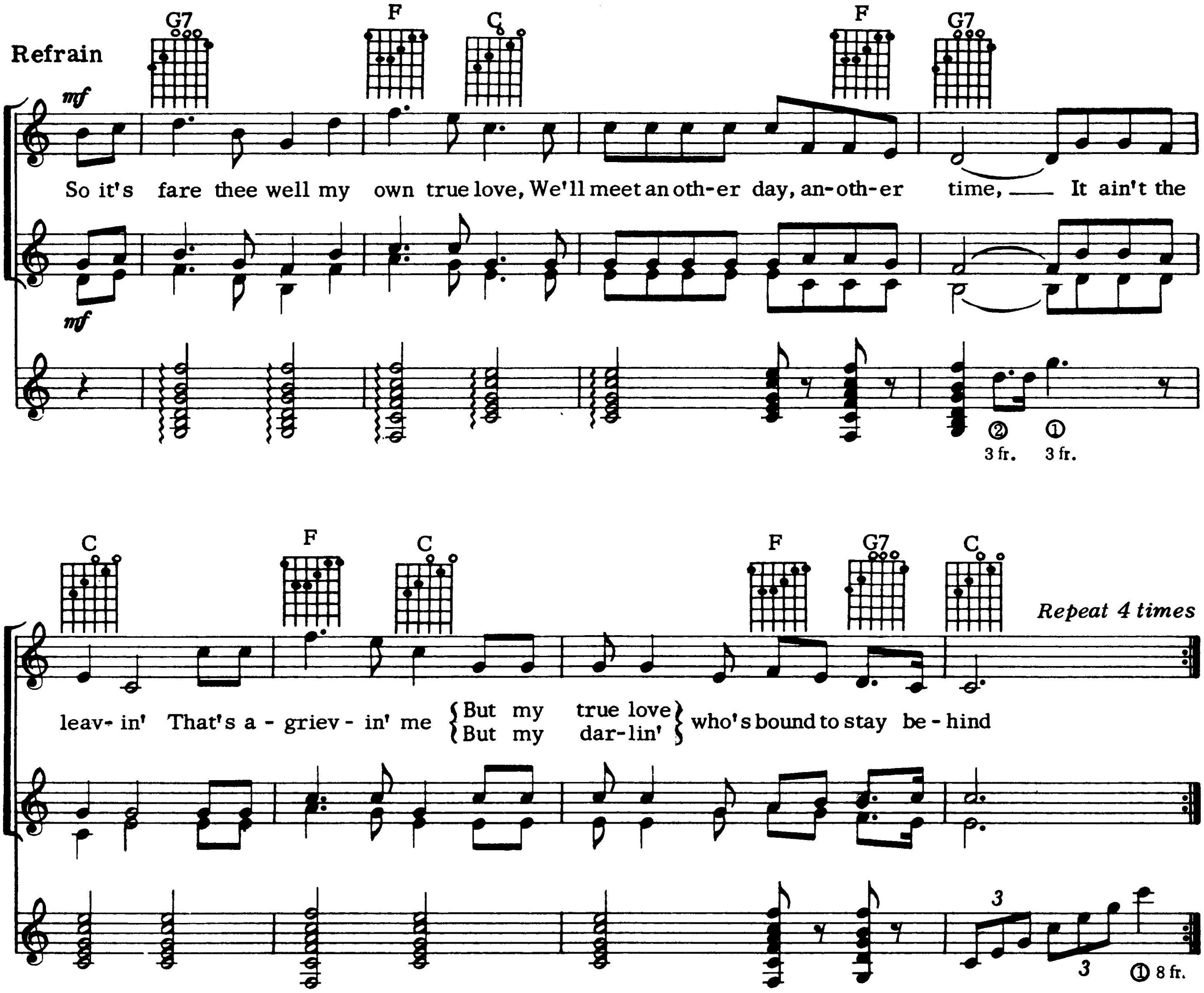
8. Well, if you my love must think that-a-way,
I'm sure your mind is roamin',
I'm sure your heart is not with me,
But with the country to where you're goin'.

9. So take heed, take heed of the western wind,
Take heed of the stormy weather,
And yes, there's something you can send back to me,
Spanish boots of Spanish leather.

FAREWELL

by BOB DYLAN


Moderately
F C F C Dm Am Dm7 G9 C E♭7 G
Guitar
f
rit.
Verse
a tempo
p
1st Voice (Melody)
2nd and 3rd Voices (Harmony)
C F G7 F C F Dm
Oh it's fare thee well my darlin' true, I'm leav-in' in the first hour of the
G7 C F G7 F C F G7 C
morn; I'm bound off for the bay of Mex-i-co Or may-be the coast of Cal-i-forn;
Solo
Solo


Refrain
G7
F
C
F
G7
mf
So it's fare thee well my own true love, We'll meet an-oth-er day, an-oth-er time, ___ It ain't the
mf
② 3 fr.
① 3 fr.
C
F
C
F
G7
C
Repeat 4 times
leav-in' That's a-griev-in' me {But my true love / But my dar-lin'} who's bound to stay be-hind
3
3
① 8 fr.

2. Oh the weather is against me and the wind blows hard
And the rain she's a-turnin' into hail,
I still might strike it lucky on a highway goin' west
Though I'm travelin' on a path beaten trail.

REFRAIN:

3. I will write you a letter from time to time,
As I'm ramblin' you can travel with me too.
With my head, my heart, and my hands, my love,
I will send what I learn back home to you.

REFRAIN:

4. I will tell you of the laughter and of troubles,
Be them somebody elses or my own;
With my hands in my pockets and my coat collar high
I will travel unnoticed and unknown.

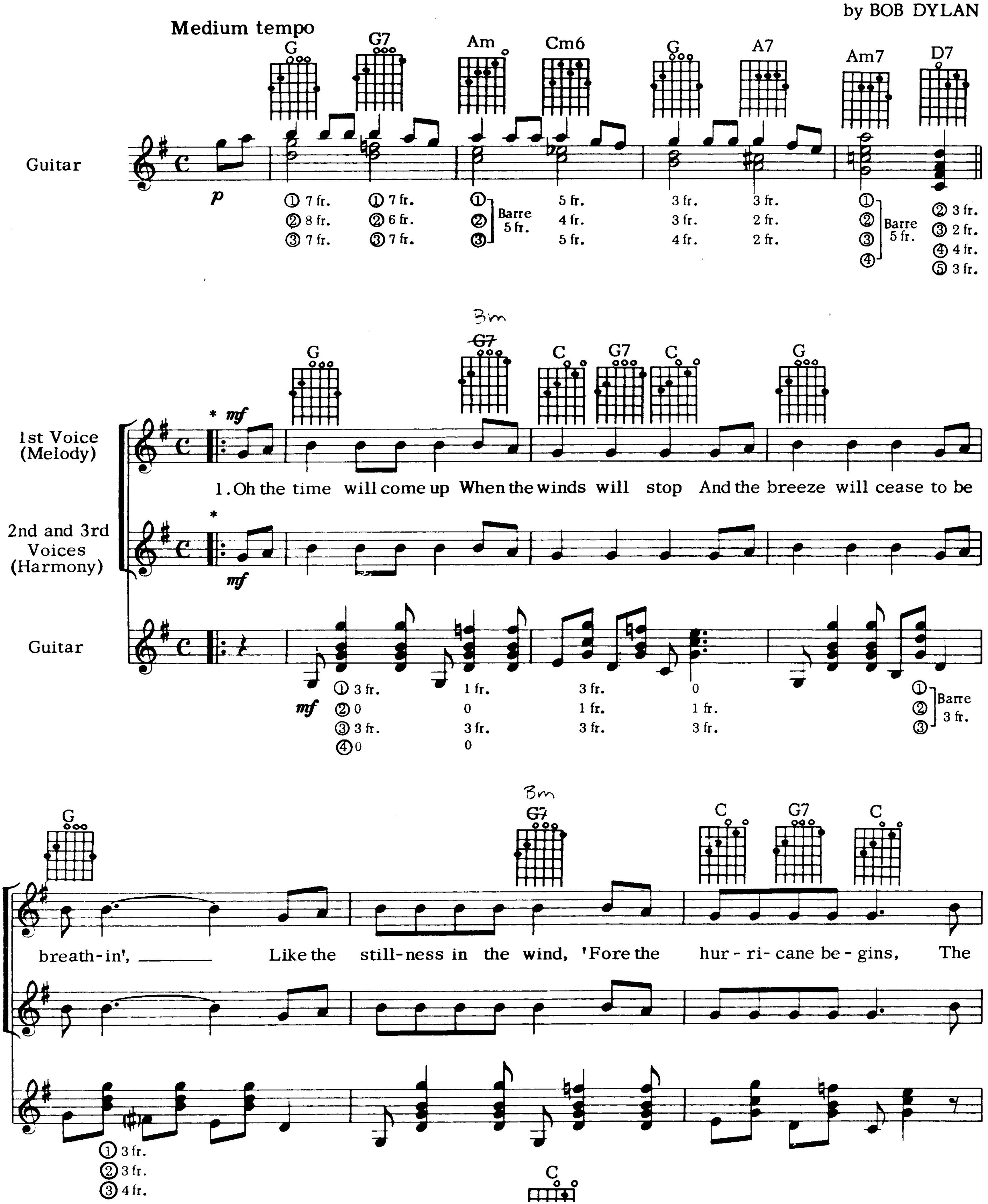
REFRAIN:

5. I've heard tell of a town where I might as well be bound,
It's down around the old Mexican plains,
They say that the people are all friendly there
And all they ask of you is your name.

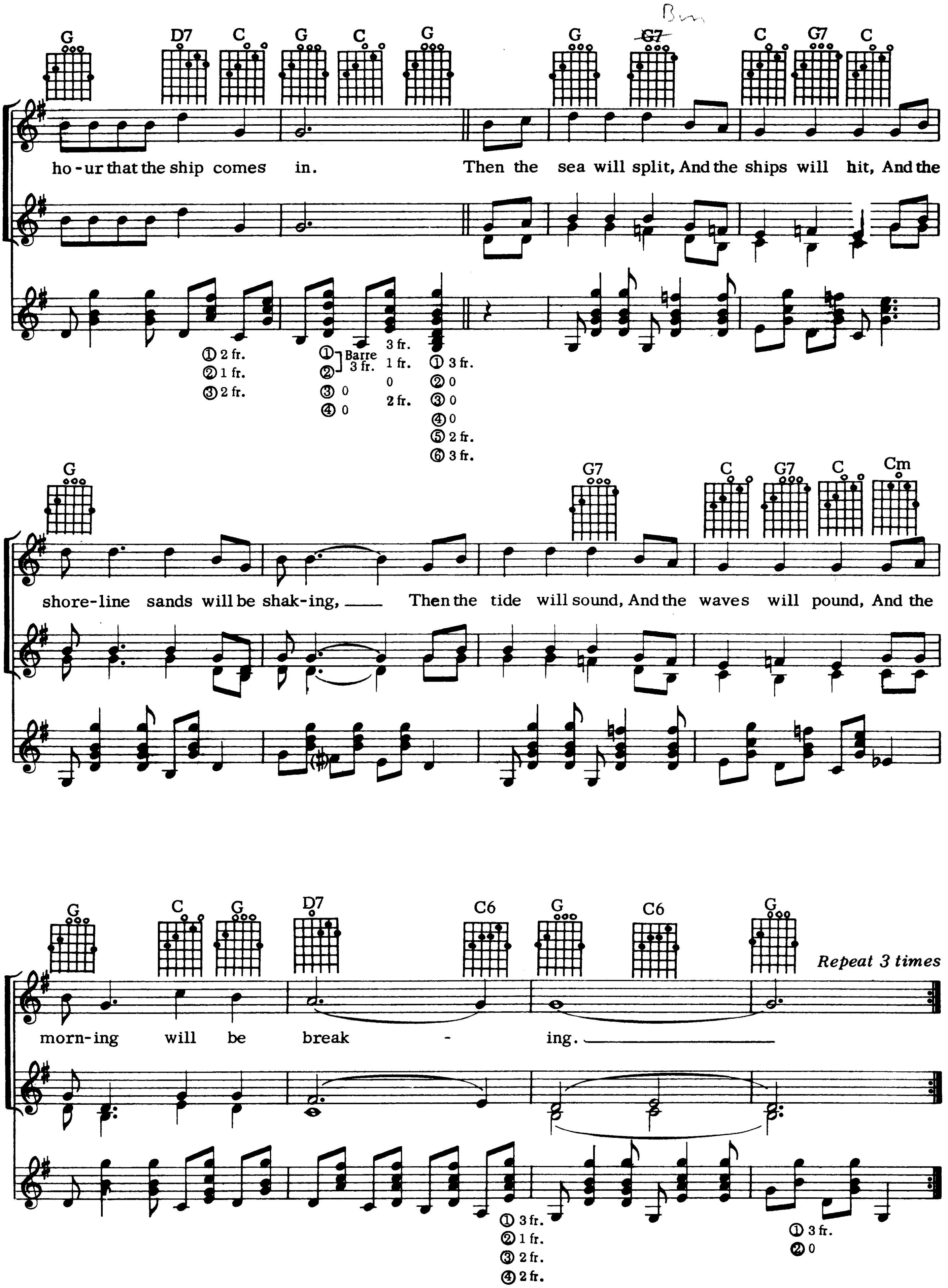
REFRAIN:

WHEN THE SHIP COMES IN

by BOB DYLAN


Medium tempo
G
G7
Am
Cm6
G
A7
Am7
D7
Guitar
p
① 7 fr. ② 8 fr. ③ 7 fr.
① 7 fr. ② 6 fr. ③ 7 fr.
Barre 5 fr.
5 fr. 4 fr. 5 fr.
3 fr. 3 fr. 4 fr.
3 fr. 2 fr. 2 fr.
Barre 5 fr.
② 3 fr. ③ 2 fr. ④ 4 fr. ⑤ 3 fr.
G
Bm
~~G7~~
C
G7
C
G
1st Voice (Melody)
2nd and 3rd Voices (Harmony)
Guitar
* mf
1. Oh the time will come up When the winds will stop And the breeze will cease to be
mf
① 3 fr. ② 0 ③ 3 fr. ④ 0
1 fr. 0 3 fr. 0
3 fr. 1 fr. 3 fr.
0 1 fr. 3 fr.
Barre 3 fr.
G
Bm
~~G7~~
C
G7
C
breath-in', ____ Like the still-ness in the wind, 'Fore the hur-ri-cane be-gins, The
① 3 fr. ② 3 fr. ③ 4 fr.
C

* 1st time: 1st voice solo; 2nd time: 2nd voice solo; 3rd time: 3rd voice solo; 4th time: all 3 unison.


Bm
G D7 C G C G G ~~G7~~ C G7 C
ho-ur that the ship comes in. Then the sea will split, And the ships will hit, And the
① 2 fr. ② 1 fr. ③ 2 fr.
① ② Barre 3 fr. ③ 0 ④ 0
3 fr. 1 fr. 0 2 fr.
① 3 fr. ② 0 ③ 0 ④ 0 ⑤ 2 fr. ⑥ 3 fr.
G G7 C G7 C Cm
shore-line sands will be shak-ing, Then the tide will sound, And the waves will pound, And the
G C G D7 C6 G C6 G
Repeat 3 times
morn-ing will be break - ing.
① 3 fr. ② 1 fr. ③ 2 fr. ④ 2 fr.
① 3 fr. ② 0

2. Oh the fishes will laugh
As they swim out of the path,
And the seagulls they'll be a-smiling,
And the rocks on the sand
Will proudly stand,
The hour that the ship comes in.

And the words that are used
For to get the ship confused,
Will not be understood as they're spoken.
Oh the chains of the sea
Will have busted in the night,
And be buried at the bottom of the ocean.

3. A song will lift
As the mainsail shifts,
And the boat drifts on to the shore line,
And the sun will respect
Every face on the deck,
The hour that the ship comes in.

Then the sands will roll
Out a carpet of gold
For your weary toes to be a-touchin',
And the ship's wise men
Will remind you once again
That the whole wide world is watchin'.

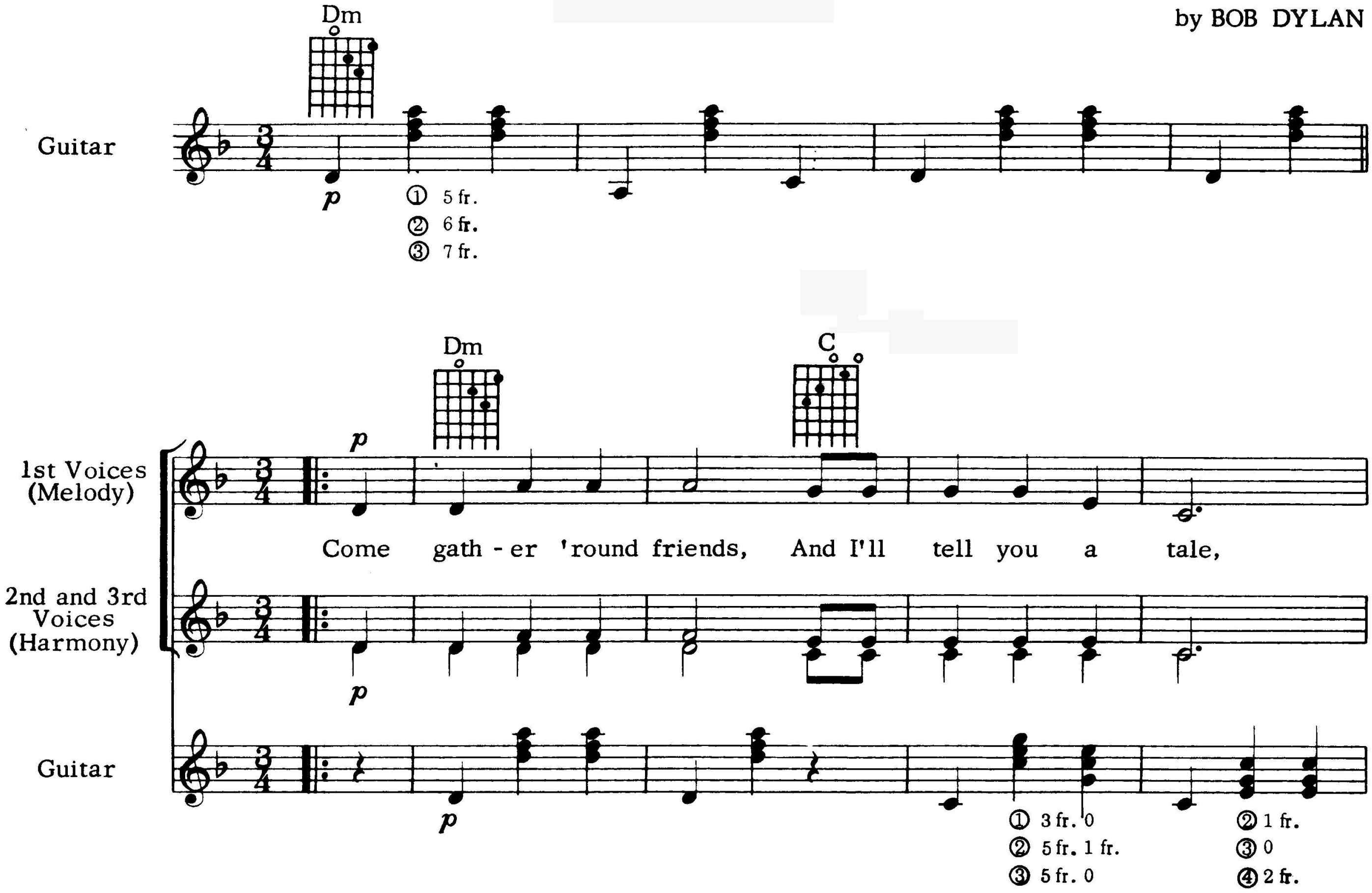
4. Oh the foes will rise
With the sleep still in their eyes
And they'll jerk from their beds and think they're dreamin'
But they'll pinch themselves and squeal
And they'll know that its for real
The hour that the ship comes in.

Then they'll raise their hands
Sayin' we'll meet all your demands
But we'll shout from the bow your day's are numbered
And like Pharaoh's triumph
They'll be drowned in the tide
And like Goliath they'll be conquered.

NORTH COUNTRY BLUES

Medium tempo

by BOB DYLAN


Dm
Guitar
p
① 5 fr.
② 6 fr.
③ 7 fr.
Dm
C
1st Voices (Melody)
p
Come gath - er 'round friends, And I'll tell you a tale,
2nd and 3rd Voices (Harmony)
p
Guitar
p
① 3 fr. 0
② 5 fr. 1 fr.
③ 5 fr. 0
② 1 fr.
③ 0
④ 2 fr.

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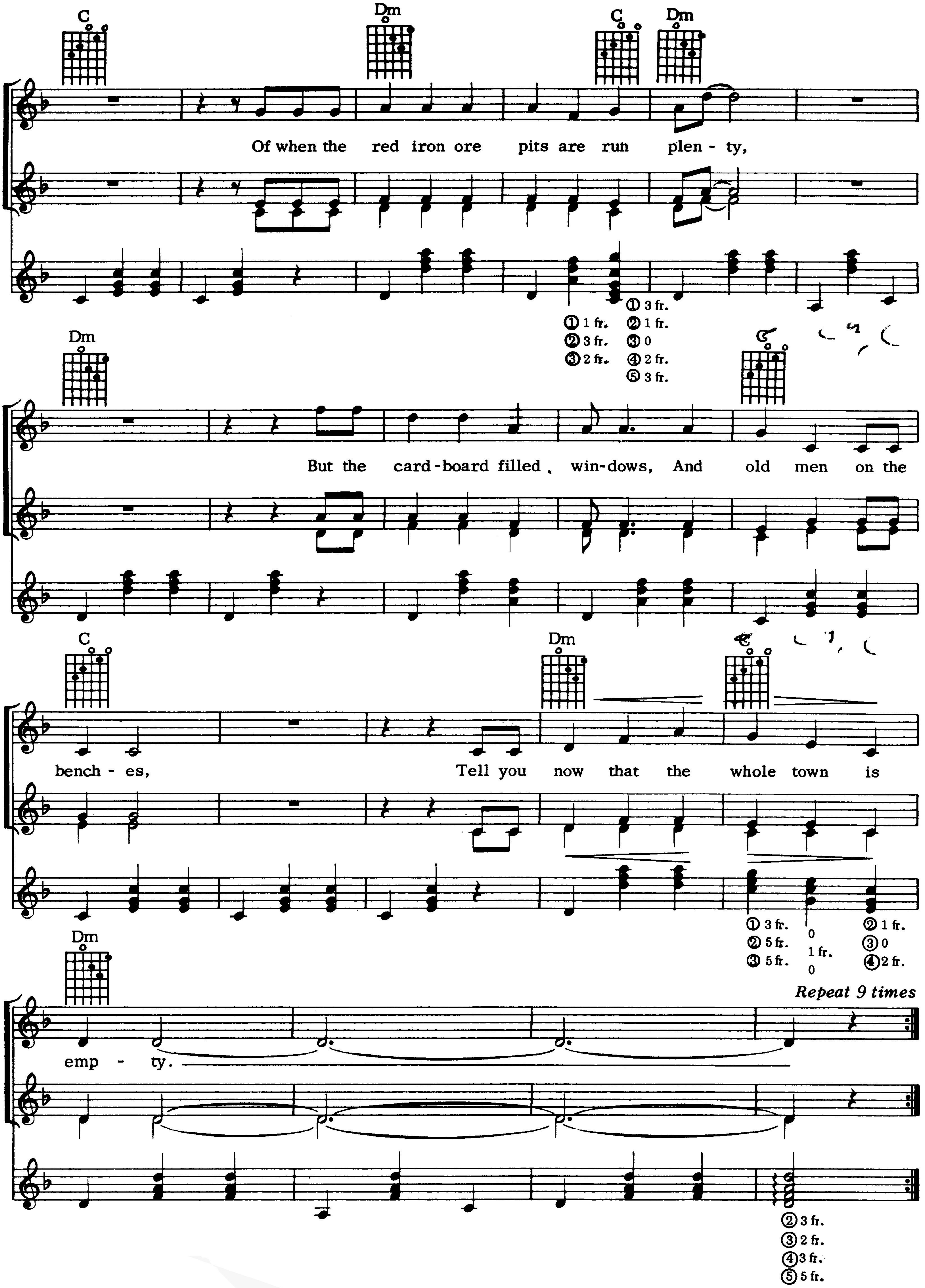
C
Dm
C
Dm
Of when the red iron ore pits are run plen - ty,
① 1 fr.
② 3 fr.
③ 2 fr.
① 3 fr.
② 1 fr.
③ 0
④ 2 fr.
⑤ 3 fr.
Dm
C
But the card-board filled, win-dows, And old men on the
C
Dm
C
bench - es, Tell you now that the whole town is
① 3 fr.
② 5 fr.
③ 5 fr.
0
1 fr.
0
② 1 fr.
③ 0
④ 2 fr.
Dm
Repeat 9 times
emp - ty.
② 3 fr.
③ 2 fr.
④ 3 fr.
⑤ 5 fr.

2. In the north end of town,
My own children are grown
But I was raised on the other.
In the wee hours of youth,
My mother took sick,
And I was brought up by my brother.

3. The iron ore poured
As the years passed the door,
The drag lines an' the shovels they was a-humming.
'Til one day my brother
Failed to come home,
The same as my father before him.

4. Well a long winter's wait
From the window I watched,
My friends they couldn't have been kinder.
And my school it was cut
As I quit in the spring,
To marry John Thomas, a miner.

5. Oh the years passed again
And the givin' was good,
With the lunch bucket filled every season.
What with three babies born,
The work was cut down,
To a half a day's shift with no reason.

6. Then the shaft was soon shut,
And my work was cut,
And the firing air it felt frozen.
'Til a man come to speak
And he said in one week
That number eleven was closin'."

7. They complained in the East
They are paying too high,
They say that your ore ain't worth digging.
That it's much cheaper down
In the South American town,
Where the miners work almost for nothing.

8. So the mining gates locked
And the red iron rotted
And the room smelled heavy from drinking.
Where the sad, silent song
Made the hour twice as long
As I waited for the sun to go sinking.

9. I lived by the window
As he talked to himself,
This silence of tongues it was building
Then one morning's week,
The bed it was bare,
And I's left alone with three children.

10. The summer is gone,
The ground's turning cold,
The stars one by one they're a-foldin'.
My children will go
As soon as they grow,
Well, there ain't nothing here now to hold them.

Peter Paul and Mary
In Concert

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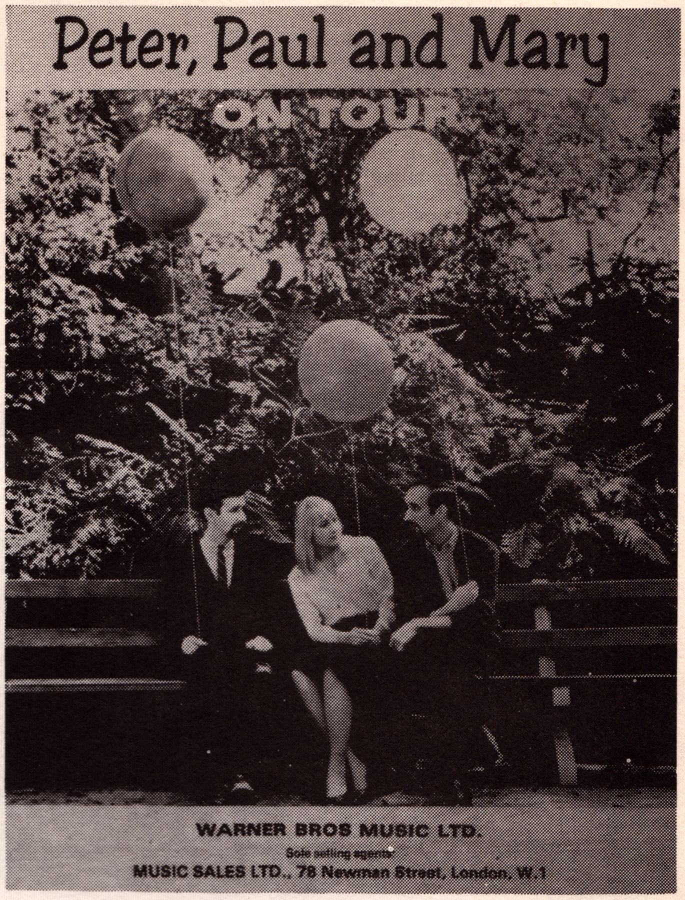

Peter, Paul and Mary
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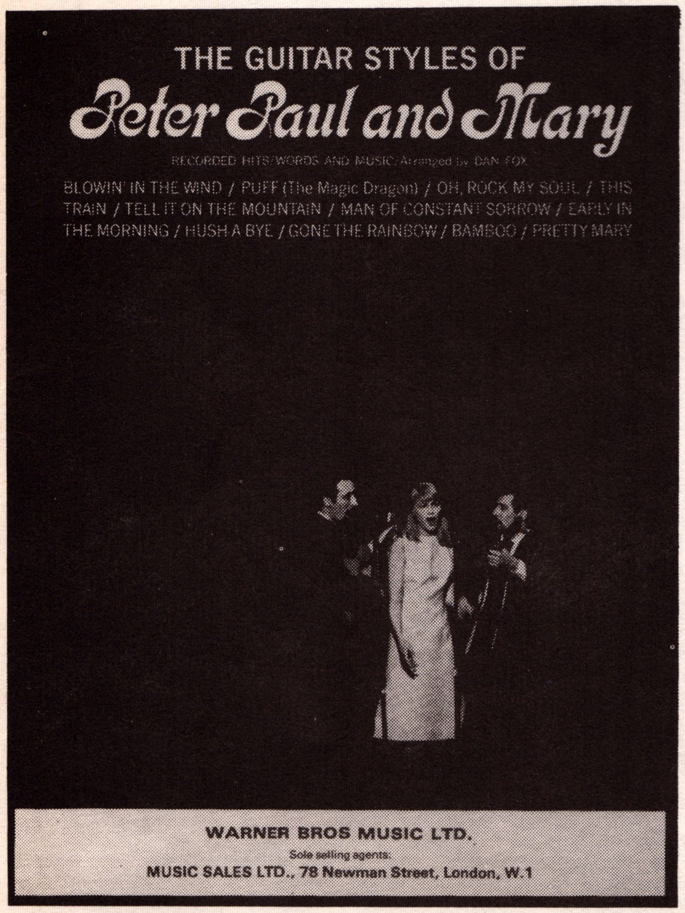

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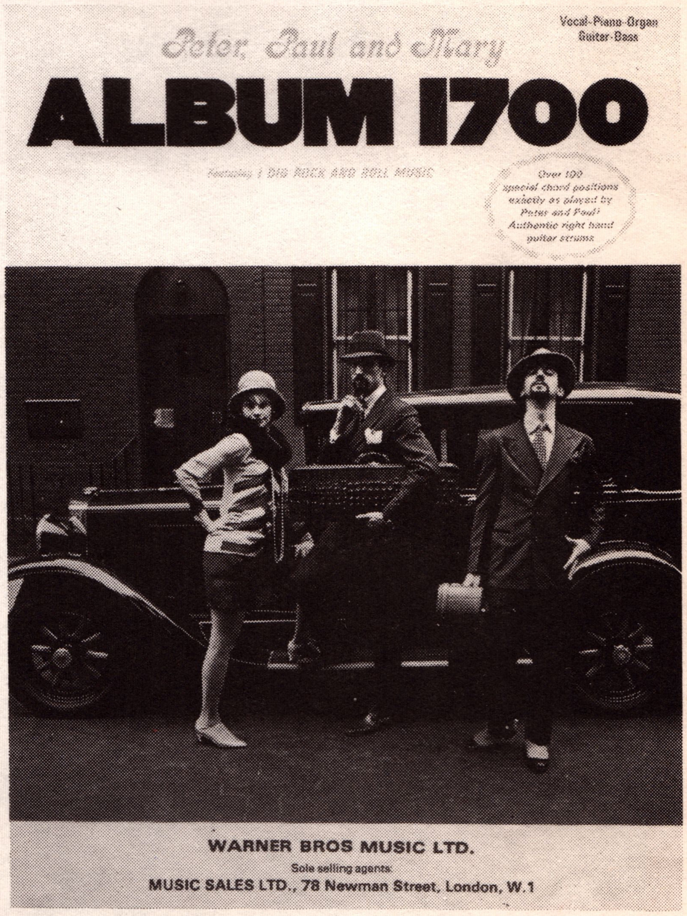

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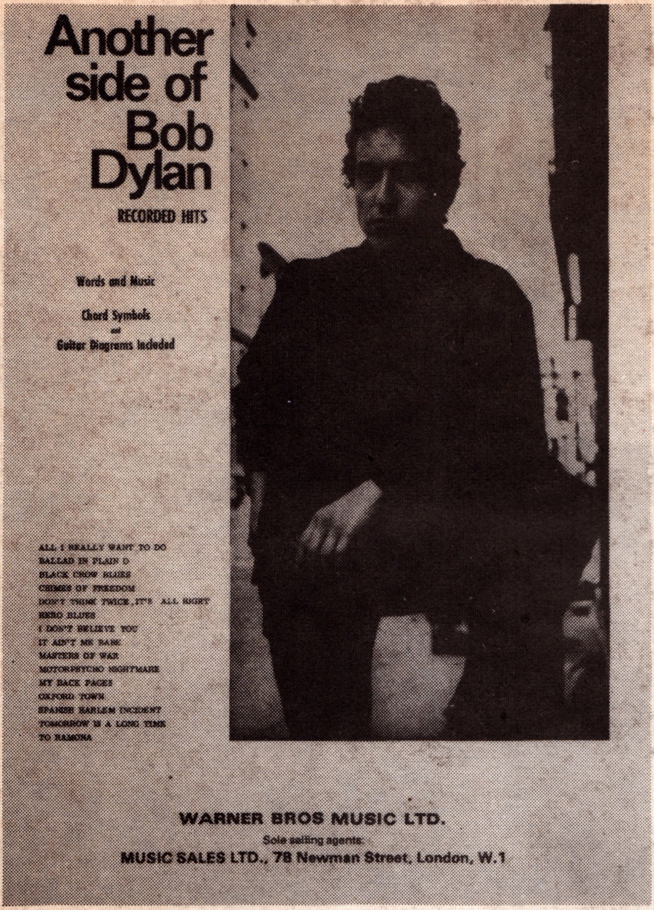

Another side of Bob Dylan

RECORDED HITS

Words and Music
Chord Symbols
and
Guitar Diagrams Included

ALL I REALLY WANT TO DO
BALLAD IN PLAIN D
BLACK CROW BLUES
CHIMES OF FREEDOM
DON'T THINK TWICE, IT'S ALL RIGHT
HERO BLUES
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU
IT AIN'T ME BABE
MASTERS OF WAR
MOTORPSYCHO NIGHTMARE
MY BACK PAGES
OXFORD TOWN
SPANISH HARLEM INCIDENT
TOMORROW IS A LONG TIME
TO RAMONA

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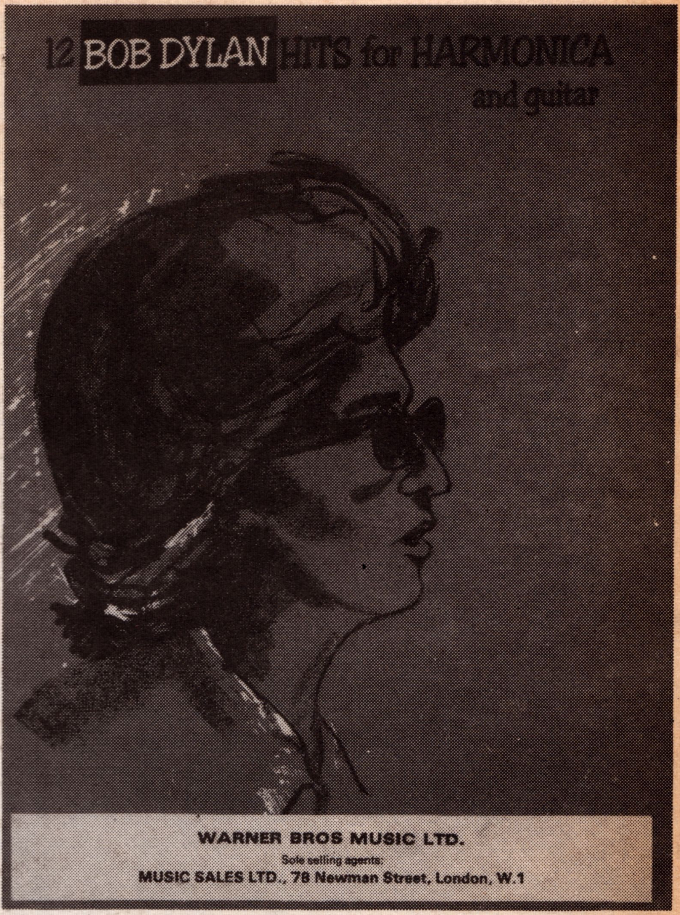

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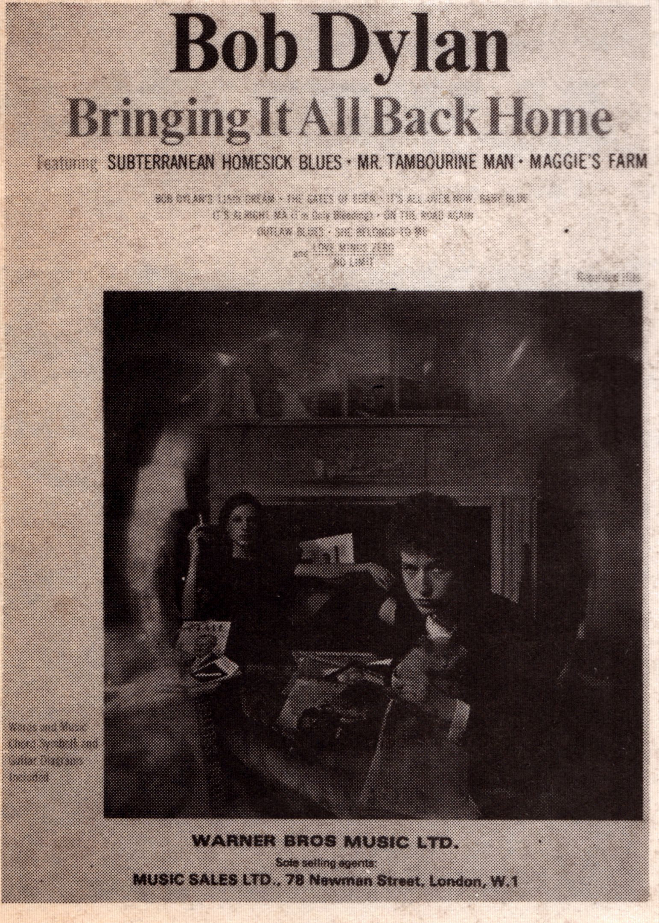

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IT'S ALRIGHT MA (I'm Only Bleeding) · ON THE ROAD AGAIN
OUTLAW BLUES · SHE BELONGS TO ME
and LOVE MINUS ZERO
NO LIMIT

Recorded Hits

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for Harmonica

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GIRL OF THE NORTH COUNTRY
SEVEN CURSES
BOOTS OF SPANISH LEATHER
A HARD RAIN'S A GONNA FALL
FAREWELL
WALLS OF RED WING
WHEN THE SHIP COMES IN
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